UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1138.

Original Poetry.

THE MOHAWK'S DEATH-SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER

Shout once again our battle cry!
Rush proudly on ye braves—
Let not the foeman's foot-prints lie
Upon our warriors' graves!—
Again the shout of triumph swell,
And raise the unerring hand;
And know that vengeance weaves the spell,
That lifts the death-fraught brand.

Yes, raise again those tones of fear;
And rush with all your powers:—
I would not press a warrior's bier
Till the red field be ours;—
I would not that my life blood stain'd
A darkened field of shame—
Go, let your proudest veins be drain'd,
Or shield your deathless name!

'Tis well—that shout rings proudly now,
The foe have ceased to strive.
Yet ere the last wild life-drops flow,
Hear one lone charge I give:
Bear hence this tomahawk—this bow—
To the far forest wild,
And tell my boy a father's vow
Descends unto his child.

Yes go—the spirit of the sire
Is blended in his line;
Even now I see the warrior's fire
Waked by this gift of mine.
Again that tomahawk shall wave
Above the battle's gloom,
Again that bow to many a brave
Shall wing the shaft of doom.

When his wild warwhoop swells afar
And shakes the pealing sky,
My spirit then shall wake to war,
And share the victory;
I die not, though I leave you now,
My plume in his shall wave;
My shaft shall leave his faithful bow—
Now bear me to the grave.

Portland, Ala., 1843.

Original Tales.

HOW TO FIND ONE'S RELATIONS.

A Translation from the French.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

If you happen to be poor and in need—never look to such a plea as this for friendship and assistance—never, above all, expect to find the connexions of your family, by establishing, though ever so eloquently, the absolute necessity of your recognition by somebody. You will be avoided as the plague stricken—for what is a deadlier plague than poverty—what a more terrific epidemic on purses!

The Caliph Haroun-al Raschid—may his memory never be forgotten—knew human nature better than to suppose that the need of succor would summon it; or that a poor cousin would be claimed by his kin. The Caliph liked evening walks, as do all men of sense; and as every body has heard, at least a thousand and one times, he never walked without an adventure. But there is one of his right regal pranks which we are the first to place before the English reader.

As he strolled one night with his faithful attendant Giafar, he saw seated before a cobbler's stall, a young man bemoaning his fate, piteously. "Why do you weep?" asked the Commander of the Faithful.

"Of what import to you," querulously asked the weeper, "are my joys or my tears? Were you the Caliph himself you could not supply the lack that I bewail!"

The Caliph smiled at this denial of his puissance and answered, "How do you know that I am not more powerful than the Caliph? For aught you can tell, I may be an angel sent by the prophet to relieve and to console you."

"Oh, if you are an angel of the prophet," answered the young man, "that is another affair, and I will tell you what you wish to know. I love the beautiful Ageli, and am beloved of her; she is the daughter of a cobbler of Bagdad, as poor as myself, and otherwise no whit better. But then she has a father, a mother, brothers, uncles and cousins, while I came into the world I know not when, I was born I know not where, and am the son of I know not who; and what is worse, I can't find out! The prophet, your master, should have told you of all that. My grief is that the parents of my belle Ageli refuse her to a man of no connexions. A good old cobbler found me one fine evening at his door; he took me in, taught me his trade, and dying left me his shop and tools. If he could have left me an uncle or two, or a score or so of cousins, it would have been much more to my purpose! Cousins I ought at least to have, for all the world has them!"

The good Caliph laughed heartily at the story of Adib the cobbler. "Uncles and aunts," said the Commander of the Faithful, "it might be rather difficult to collect, but set your heart easy on the other score. Cousins, I will undertake to furnish by the groce, and of all degrees of affinity."

The young cordwainer was taken by the Caliph to his palace, and sumptuously clothed. The Vizier Giafar, it was given out, was disgraced, and went for a period of exile to conceal himself in one of the magnificent country houses of the Sultan. "Adib," said Haroun, "I nominate you my Grand Vizier, take care that you fulfil the office with intelligence and fidelity." The cobbler prostrated himself on the earth, and promised to act, to the best of his abilities. As soon as the disgrace of Giafar was known, accusers against the fallen sprung up on all sides. Those of the courtiers whom Giafar had disobliged, accused him somewhat—those whom he had most benefitted most rudely vilified him. The Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid knew the world, and only shrugged his shoulders.

Meanwhile the new Vizier was surrounded by as many friends, as, upon the evening before was the Vizier Giafar. All that he said was sublime, all that he did was admirable, all that he desired was accomplished, all that he loved was amiable, all that he hated was odious. "By Mahomet!" he said to himself, "but this is pleasant! Yesterday I was at the feet of the world—to day the world is at my feet, yesterday I was too mean to kiss their slippers—to-day they will wear out mine with their lips."

On the evening of the first day of his nomination, Adib received a petition from one of the first inhabitants of Bagdad, who styled himself a relative, and under that claim begged one of the first governments of the empire. "Ah ha!" said Adib—"one cousin already! The caliph has kept his word, there is nothing like power and place to discover one's lost connexions!" He gave the petitioner an audience, and thus addressed him: "I intend to profit by the favor of the caliph to do every thing for my family. You tell me you are a connexion—that may be well for both of us—but you must show me who you are, for now for the first time in my life, I hear you spoken of as a connexion."

The petitioner affirmed that he had an ancestor named Adib, endowed with many virtues. The Vizier asked—

"Was he rich and powerful? Had he an office in the State?"

"A very high office," said the petitioner—"he was very rich, and of course very powerful."

"And he left how many children?"

"Two. Each of them left two sons. Each of the two sons married, and each of them left two sons, also, one of whom without doubt, was your illustrious father."

"Without doubt," rejoined the Vizier Adib. "I see that you thoroughly understand my illustrious genealogy; and I am sure that you will see the propriety of a slight observation I am about to make to you. I ought to have received, by succession, a little of the riches of the illustrious ancestor—and yet I have never touched a drachm of it. I am of the younger branch, and that branch no doubt was despoiled by the elder, of which you are now, my dear cousin, the only heir. The fortune of our grand parent must have amounted to a thousand purses, at the least—I ask of you—only the half, for my share—"

"But my lord—"

"You can be recognised as my cousin only on that condition."

"But so much money—by the beard of the prophet, I—"

"Five hundred purses!" persisted Adib, "or we can never be cousins!"

"But I cannot—"

"Come," said the Vizier—"only this little proof is necessary to establish our affinity. It is a mere trifle. I have told you what I intend to do for my relations—but they must first do justice by me."

Here ended the audience. On the morrow betimes, the petitioning cousin was ready, with the five hundred purses. Adib fell upon his neck, called him cousin a hundred times over, and promised that in eight days he would give him the government of Khorassan. "Yes," said he, "I swear it by Mahomet. In eight days you shall be governor, or I will lose my place as Grand Vizier."

The new found cousin, enchanted with these promises went forth and told all the world of his good fortune. He forgot, however, to say any thing of the five hundred purses; for people who receive great promises are not apt to boast of the price they pay for them; and beside that, it is to be remembered that hope is a divinity that counts money as nothing. He celebrated above all the affectionate manner in which the Grand Vizier received and recognised his relations, and the consequence was that a crowd of cousins were at once brought to light, of all possible degrees of relationship.

Adib said to the second cousin who presented himself. "There is not the least doubt of it. We are relations and very near relations too—I know all degrees of connexion of which you wish to speak to me. Have you never heard that our two grandfathers had a tedious—a terrible law suit?"

"Yes, my lord, I recollect—"

"And your grandfather had the wrong side of that affair—did he not? But as he was much the richer he carried the suit, and my grandfather was completely ruined. I have examined the proceedings, but as I am more rich and more powerful than you, Heaven has already revenged the injustice done by the parent, on the child. I dare say you would prefer to repair that revolting piece of injustice. But, my dear cousin, I cannot permit any such thing on your part—the loss of my grandfather was four hundred purses—I cannot think of accepting more than two hundred, and I will not hear a word of your paying the expenses and interest." The promises to this cousin netted the two hundred purses.

Another cousin he reminded that so great was the probity of the grandfather of the petitioner, that the grandfather of the Vizier placed in his hands in charge, a hundred thousand tomans. The other could not deny so flattering an evidence of the high character of his progenitor, and admitted that he had heard often the fact spoken of. The admission cost him the hundred thousand tomans. The Vizier inquired, "You are ignorant, perhaps, what became of this money?"

"My lord, I believe—"

"You *believe*—but my dear cousin *I know.* I have touched not a toman of that deposite, which, without doubt you inherit. Thus, you perceive, if you but restore to me the sum so justly my due, you will by that repair an injustice which, should it become known, would ruin the reputation of our family, the probity of which has never been doubted."

Adib accompanied all these various reminiscences with the most splendid promises, and pledged himself to all his relations that if, in eight days, he did not redeem his word, he would forfeit his office of Grand Vizier. The crowd of relations at length became troublesome, because as proof of relationship with the Vizier of the Commander of the Faithful required money, he found many unprepared to establish their relationship. But he said to all those whose titles were *undoubted:* "You are rich—you admit that our common ancestors were rich, and thus I show by your own admission what great injustice has been done me. Had it not been for the munificence of the Commander of the Faithful, who knows how to distinguish merit in whatever station he finds it, I should be forced to beg my bread, or obtain it by the sweat of my brow." There were many who attempted to reply to this reasoning; but as money was the best, and indeed, the only successful argument, the Grand Vizier found himself in a few days the possessor of a large fortune.

He sent for the father of the beautiful Ageli, to order of him a pair of sandals. When the old cordwainer, Rustaf, heard that he was chosen to the honor of shoeing the Grand Vizier, he was ready to die with joy. He attired himself in his best, and donning a new turban, repaired in respectful and obedient haste to the palace of the Grand Vizier. When he reached the splendid apartment, where Adib was seated, surrounded by a hundred courtiers, splendidly attired, he trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind. He dropped on his knees at the door of the audience chamber, and on his knees he advanced to the feet of the Vizier. He dared not look him in the face, and Adib, the Vizier-cobbler practised upon him all the airs, to which he himself had so lately been compelled to submit—putting forth his foot as if he had been born a sultan and not a cobbler.

"You have a daughter, Rustaf?"

"Yes, oh, mighty Prince."

"She is beautiful?"

"Yes, most magnificent, at the service of your highness."

"She loves, they say, a young man named Adib?"

"Alas—my lord—"

"Who is this Adib?"

"A bad fellow, my lord—a clown, a lazy lout, who will be all his life the most miserable of vagabond cobblers."

"It was my pleasure to order of him a pair of sandals."

"Ah, my lord—your magnificence would be shamefully imposed upon!"

"But has this Adib, of whom you speak so ill, no other faults?"

"They are innumerable, your magnificence, but if he had no faults, I could not give my daughter to a man without prospects and without family."

"Without family, Rustaf! Raise your eyes—look about you—and behold the relations of Adib!"

The old man's looks wandered furtively about the apartment,—but when he saw so many grandees, so splendidly clothed, he believed that the Vizier was mocking him. He stole a glance at the Vizier, and recognised Adib. At this unexpected recognition, the poor Rustaf fell back upon the floor, and exclaimed: "Allah! Allah! I am a dead man!"

At this exclamation Adib laughed, and of course all the courtiers laughed too. "No, no, Rustaf," said the Vizier, "you are not dead—you are my father-in-law, provided that you deem my family now numerous enough. Go seek your daughter this instant. I will send for the Cadi, to celebrate the marriage to-day, in my palace—because, another day may be too late. Those who are relations to-day, may not be to-morrow."

We need not describe the joy and the surprise of the beautiful Ageli. From the daughter of a poor cordwainer, she became all at once the wife of the man she loved, and of the Grand Vizier. Her love and her vanity were alike gratified; and persons who have not soul enough for the refinement of love, have still minds sensible to the enjoyment of vanity.

The marriage was celebrated with a magnificence worthy of the lovers. The ceremony was followed by a feast to which all the relations of the Vizier were invited. Nothing, according to them, was more beautiful in nature than the beautiful Ageli. They sang verses in her praise—they compared her to the Houries, nay, declared that even the Houries themselves would be less beautiful in her presence. Adib received also his tribute of homage. He was the greatest of all Viziers, who, until that day had held the reins of state—he was the first statesman in the world. They knew not whether most to admire the graces and refinement of his mind, or the profoundness of his genius, and the extent of his knowledge. They bestowed upon him the ennobling adjective and sounded his praises as Adib the Great. Old Rustaf even was not forgotten—and the adulatory poetry found even the means of making something of him—so clever are sycophants—so ductile is verse—so ingenious was the tenderness of Adib's new found family under these pleasant and auspicious circumstances.

While this interesting and numerous family abandoned themselves to the transports of a joy so lively, and delivered themselves up to the expressions of confidence and friendship, the messenger of the Caliph was announced. All the cousins of every degree doubted not that this messenger was the bearer of some magnificent present—their curiosity held them on tenter hooks. The messenger was introduced—he advanced with a stately step—drew from his pouch a parchment—imposed silence in the assembly, and read:

"In behalf of the Commander of the Faithful—the mighty Haroun-al-Raschid"—

At these formidable words all the convives prostrated themselves, and the herald proceeded:

"Whereas, We, Haroun-al-Raschid have been pleased to nominate Adib our chief Vizier, after having degraded Giafar, we are now pleased to reinstate Giafar, and to disgrace Adib and all his family. Let him abandon then the post for which he was not made, and return to the dust from which our royal word drew him!"

After the reading of this astounding decree, the convives rose to their feet, and gazed upon each other with the most profound astonishment. All their hopes were destroyed—no more for them were the lucrative posts on which they had counted. The disgrace of Adib carried *all his family* with him. They were no longer his relations—and in the twinkling of an eye the festive hall was deserted, and none remained, save Adib, who laughed, Rustaf, who trembled, and the beautiful Ageli, who wept. Adib, still smiling, said:

"You are quite astonished, my dear friends! A moment since, my palace was filled with relations, who celebrated my praises, and who loved me to folly—now there remains of them not a single one! Fortune furnished me cousins ready made—fortune has swept them away. I was a Vizier by circumstance—those were cousins of circumstance; but thanks to Mahomet and to my address, I have still another family, more cousins, who have not deserted me in my need. You ask, where are those good steadfast cousins of whom I speak to you? In my coffers, my dear friends, in my coffers! I have at the least two hundred thousand tomans; and such cousins are more solid than the others!"

From the Magazines

FROM THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE.

PARTING AND RETURN OF THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

From her parent's home, in her beauty's bloom
Went forth the youthful bride.
A holy smile on her trusting brow,
And her chosen by her side.

Dear was that home, in its fond array,
And those vales in their verdant pride—
Yet she shed no tear as she turned away,
For her chosen was by her side.

And her dwelling she rendered fair,
With the might of a woman's love;
With the hope that doth bud in the secret heart,
And the faith that hath rest above.

Again to her parent's house she came,
To her native stream and dale,
The holy smile on her brow the same,
But that brow was deadly pale.

No word to the living group she spake,
Nor soothed the friend who wept,
For on her arm was a snow white babe,
And the same long sleep they slept.

They made them a bed, in the church-yard green
Ere the autumn-leaf was sere,
And the river turf as it droop'd that day,
Was freshen'd by sorrow's tear.

Yet they bare away as a gift of love,
The glimpse from a purer sky,
Of the Mother and Babe, in the bliss above,
Where the beautiful cannot die.

The young mother, to whom these stanzas allude, and who was buried in the same coffin with her first-born babe, left to her lamenting relatives, the strongest consolation, of which such an affliction could admit, the evidence of a christian's life, and of that faith in a Saviour, which disarms death of its sting.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

THE PILLOW OF ROSES.

CONCLUDED.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Like a still serpent, basking in the sun,
With subtle eyes, and back of russet gold,
Her gentle tones and quiet sweetness won
A coil upon her victims—fold on fold
She wove around them with her graceful wiles,
Till, serpent-like, she stung amid her smiles.

CHAPTER II.

Catharine de Medicis was still awake, but lying on her couch, with a dim light flickering through the crimson curtains upon a face betraying more anxiety than she usually allowed it to wear. She rose upon her pillow when Margaret entered, and looked earnestly at the passionate and strange girl. She had flung her mantle aside at the door, and the dress of silvery gauze which she had worn to represent the statue, hung about her person soiled and damp from the greensward where she had crouched to conceal herself. Her tresses fell in a tangled and wavy mass over her neck, and as she sat down upon the bed and flung them, with a passionate gesture, back from her brow and shoulders, the crushed and drooping rosebuds tangled there fell upon Catharine's pillow. The queen brushed them quietly away, and burying her elbow in the rich down, remained in a position of luxurious ease, waiting for the strange girl to speak. But for the rosy light which streamed through the curtains she might have been startled by the unnatural pallor which lay upon the full and voluptuous features of her child, for never until that night had the strong and bad passions of Margaret been fully aroused.

"Well," said the queen, at length becoming impatient with the long silence and singular appearance of her daughter, "well, but remember my women rest in the anteroom, speak low."

Margaret bent her head till its disordered ringlets fell over the night coif of delicate lace shading the beautiful features of her mother; she breathed heavily as she spoke, but related, word for word, the conversation which she had just heard in the garden, not withholding even the scornful words coupled with her own name; but these words came in broken syllables through her clenched teeth, and Catharine de Medicis, with all her self control, started almost to a sitting posture in the bed as they fell on her ear; but she sunk gently to the pillow again, and when Margaret ceased to speak, lay with one delicate hand pressed listlessly over her eyes, as if they were oppressed by the dim light.

"Go to your chamber now," she said, still shading her eyes, "nothing could have been better managed than all you have done. Rise early, and be the first to visit Mary Stewart in her own apartments, put rouge on your cheeks, if they remain pallid as now, and if the fire of those eyes cannot be subdued, at least allow the lashes to droop more gently over them!"

"But, mother," interrupted the princess, starting up, "am I to endure this am—"

"With regard to the Scottish ambassador," continued Catharine, without in the least noticing the interruption, "let your conduct in his presence be unaltered; guard every tone and feature—"

"And is this all—am I to be neglected, mocked, and reviled in my father's palace, and yet have no redress, no revenge on the artful creature who thwarts me at every turn? I thought that you would counsel revenge, not caution, mother!"

"I would caution only that revenge may be certain," replied the queen; "go to your pillow, girl, and leave the rest to one who has a better control of her passions."

"Mother," said Margaret, returning to the bed and stooping over the queen, "will you separate these two persons?"

"Certainly," was the calm reply.

"But how? Not by—how will it be brought about, mother? I love this man, devotedly, wildly, notwithstanding his scorn. *How* can you separate them without injury to *him?*"

A faint smile which stole over Catharine's face was all the reply she made; even that was unseen by her daughter, for the subtle woman turned her head listlessly away, murmured that she was becoming drowsy and wished to be alone. But the moment Margaret left the room all appearance of languor vanished. Catharine started up, flung back the damask counterpane, and stepped to the floor. Regardless of the ermined slippers that rested on an embroidered stool close by, or of the silken dressing-gown that fell from the bed as her movements agitated the drapery, she took up the lamp and proceeded to unlock a little ebony cabinet which occupied a corner of the room. She touched the spring of a secret drawer, and her hand trembled very slightly as she drew forth some small object enfolded in silver and tissue paper. She removed these glittering wrappers from a tiny crystal flask, which she held before the lamp and shook, either purposely or from the unconquerable tremor of her hand, till the glittering beads flashed like diamond sparks against the flame.

"It is still powerful—more so than my own nerves!" she murmured, with a faint, self mocking smile; "I thought this weakness had left me forever; we shall learn!"

As she uttered these words, Catharine grasped the vial firmly between her fingers, her lips were pressed closely together, and the trembling of that outstretched hand gradually subsided till the clear and colorless fluid settled like water in the vial again.

"What a fool is that being who allows his physical nature to overcome the strong worldly will!" she muttered in a tone of calm philosophy, replacing the vial in its private repository and softly locking the cabinet. "The body is but a weak instrument of the mind at best, and beauty a pleasant tool with man or woman." As she muttered these words, Catharine replaced her lamp in the golden bracket attached to her mirror, and glanced composedly at the beautiful face reflected there, while she fastened a key, just taken from the locked cabinet, to a chain of light Venetian workmanship concealed beneath the muslin of her night robe, and which, sleeping or waking, never left her neck. She then went back to her bed, drew the rich covering over her person, and slept luxuriously till late in the morning.

What woman is there, living of heart, tasteful, and accomplished, who has not learned how precious her feminine powers may become when devoted to the affections? How many pleasant sensations have been woven with the embroidery of a slipper, the crest wrought on a handkerchief, the netted purse, the shadowing forth of a flower, or some one of those thousand pleasant devices by which a sensitive and tasteful nature loves to win upon the thoughts of its earthly idol. Genius is comprehensive in its attributes, and genius in woman generally exhibits itself in all those minor accomplishments which distinguish the sex with quite as much originality and beauty as it may exercise in the highest walks of literature.

Mary of Scotland, even in her first girlhood, was distinguished for a degree of genius more comprehensive and strictly feminine than is awarded to any female of her age. She awoke the morning after her birthnight festival with a smile on her lips. She had been dreaming of *him,* had seen him in deep slumber on a couch of withered garlands torn from the festal rooms of the palace, and heaped beneath that tulip tree in the centre of the garden; the very flowers and leaves which he had derided for their short-lived bloom were pressed against his cheek, and lay broken amid the dark curls of his hair. It was a pleasant dream, fantastically woven from her own thoughts as she sunk to sleep, but when she awoke it was still upon her mind, and she pondered upon it in that drowsy state which was even yet half a voluptuous dream.

"It shall be so," she murmured, drawing her hand across the soft eyes still half closed beneath the shadow of their drooping lashes. "This very night he shall rest as I saw him in my sleep."

Mary started up as those words passed her lips, and rang the tiny bell that stood on a table close by her bed. The waiting-women entered to assist her in dressing, but with that eager and girlish grace which arose from the poetical idea that had just entered her mind, she called for a dressing-gown of pure muslin, that lay across a chair close by, girded it to her slender waist by a fragment of ribband which had fallen to the carpet, and sat down to her embroidery frame with her ringlets still confined beneath the lace of her night coif, and her small feet thrust hastily into slippers that she had worn the previous night.

"Go," she said, without lifting her eyes from the lily bud over which her hand was fluttering like a bird, "go to the reception rooms before the people have time to dismantle them; all of you take baskets and set to work at once. Bring me enough of the roses you will find to fill this cushion when it is finished. Set my pages to work also, and lose no time."

As the attendants left the chamber to obey this fanciful command, they were met by Margaret de Valois, who inquired the cause of their unusual haste. A scornful flash came to her eyes as she received the answer, and turning back from the door, which she had almost reached, she entered the sleeping chamber of her mother. In about half an hour, she came forth again and retraced her steps toward the apartment of Mary Stewart.

The Queen of Scots half arose when she saw Margaret, and her face was suffused with a deep blush as the princess leaned over her chair, and seemed entirely occupied in admiring the rich embroidery glowing beneath her fingers. Mary drew the skeins of floss which she had been using hastily over the centre of her work, and as she hoped, effectually concealed the initials and crest enwoven there with her own. But the jealous eye of Margaret de Valois had detected them, and while Mary sat trembling and blushing and trembling like a culprit over her work, the unprincipled girl hastily withdrew from the room and sought that of Catharine de Medicis again.

Before Mary had quite recovered from the agitation which this visit occasioned, her women returned from the festal rooms, bearing the rose-leaves which she had desired them to gather. She bade them set down their fragrant burthen and withdraw. Then she proceeded to cut the snowy satin from its frame, to shake off the shreds of glittering silk that clung to the flowers which her genius had created, and to prepare it for receiving the mass of leaves that filled the whole chamber with their perfume. This was a work of considerable time, and just as she had crowded the last handful of leaves into the rich cushion, and was about to sew up the aperture which had been left for their reception, a page announced Catharine de Medicis.

Mary started to her feet, flung the cushion upon her bed, and breathlessly pulled down the heavy curtains.

As Catharine entered the chamber, she detected the confusion which her visit had brought on the young queen. Casting a quick glance around the room her eyes settled on the bed, disordered and muffled in its drapery, she moved quietly forward, pressed her smiling lips to Mary's cheek, and inquired kindly after her health.

Mary had kept her attendants from the room all the morning, and beside the disorder consequent on this, rose-leaves lay scattered over the carpet, and the chairs were encumbered with the garments she had worn the night before. It seemed but a natural act, therefore, when Catharine pushed back the volumes of heavy velvet with her hand and sat down upon the bed with the purple folds falling all around her.

Mary blushed crimson and started forward with an impulse to prevent the act, but when she saw that her royal visiter had only secured a seat without exposing the bed or the cushion concealed on it, she became more composed, for it was no uncommon thing for Catharine to visit the chamber of her ward, whom she ever treated with that familiarity and kindness due to a favorite child. Catharine did not seem to observe the embarrassment or vague answers with which her gentle inquiries were received, but she continued to converse gently and with that easy flow of words which she could command at will, for the duration of half an hour. But occasionally one less embarrassed than the young queen might have observed that she moved her hands restlessly among the folds of velvet that almost enveloped her, till at last an opening was obtained which commanded a glimpse of the embroidered pillow lying behind them, with the rose-leaves bursting through the aperture through which they had been pressed. The moment this was accomplished Catharine complained of a slight headache, and asked for a drop of the flower-water that stood on Mary's toilet.

Mary rose to obtain the vase of perfumed water pointed out. That instant Catharine's hand was thrust through the curtain and buried deep in the cushion. When she withdrew it a tiny flask of crystal was in its grasp, empty and with fragments of dead rose-leaves clinging to its damp mouth. An open casement was close at hand, the empty vial flashed through it, and when Mary turned from her toilet, bearing the flower-water, she only observed that the face of Catharine de Medicis was paler than she had ever seen it before, and that her hand shook as she received the vase and dashed some of its contents over her forehead, hastily and as one eager to be relieved from pain.

"It was a sudden spasm, and will soon go off," said the Queen of France, rising from the bed with a slight shudder and replacing the vase of flower-water on the toilet. "Good morning, my fair Rose of Scotland. Adieu! but this room seems close, let your women open another casement, *ma belle.*" And with these lightsome words she departed to her own chamber.

The moment she was alone Mary once more resumed the task so pleasant and so often interrupted, but as she untied the cushion where it had been left open, it seemed to her that a perfume stronger and more subtle than she had ever noticed before was emitted from the rose-leaves. The labor which she had to perform occupied scarcely five minutes, but a sickly sensation crept over her even then, and she flung open the casement for more air.

It was finished at last. For three entire weeks Mary had been occupied on that single pillow, thinking of her lover all the time, and yet half persuading herself that it was not for him she worked, weaving a thought of him with every bud that glowed upon it, but never till that morning allowing herself to think that his crest could be embroidered there by her own willing fingers. It was over now—the doubt and toil of mental conflict—she had resolved at all risks and every hazard to follow the sweet impulses of her heart, to renounce the royal alliance proposed by France, and seek in her own rude kingdom, and with a subject, regal by nature, the happiness which can only be secured to woman through the affections.

And now that the task was done, those crests woven together, and the tassels of threaded amethyst, emeralds and seed pearls fastened to each corner, she was almost sad—not that she hesitated to send it—no, no! but it was an "occupation gone," something that her new and sweet thoughts had brooded over till every leaf and bud seemed a kindred spirit, whispering of him. She was almost sorrowful that her sweet task was finished.

Mary sat down with the cushion on her lap, and placing her paper upon it wrote a few melodious and touching lines of verse; she fastened her note amid the rich embroidery with a ruby pin, and carefully enveloping the whole, sent it by her page to the Scottish Ambassador.

Catharine de Medicis saw the boy as he passed beneath her dressing-room window, carefully guarding his precious burthen. She smiled not as she did when surrounded by the courtiers of Henry II., but her face took one of those cold, terrifying smiles that sometimes haunted it in solitude, but only in solitude.

"He will sleep on it to-night, or my Rose of Scotland has less influence than I suspect," she said inly. "Well let us hope that his rest may be long and pleasant."

If Mary Stuart was rendered sad by the completion of her task, how much deeper was the gloom that fell on that young heart when she remembered the interview which she had promised to the dauphin; the pain she would inflict, the ingratitude which he might suspect her of, all thronged upon her mind, and she allowed herself to be robed for the interview, apprehensively and in tears.

Mary was in her dressing-room when the dauphin came. He was very pale and walked unsteadily, as if a severe illness had just enfeebled his energies. When Mary arose and stepped forward to greet him he took her hand in both his and gazed in her face till the eyes which read her downcast look grew more intensely mournful and filled with tears.

"I require no explanation," he said gently, "nothing more than that sweet troubled look to convince my heart of its entire desolation."

"Forgive me," said Mary Stuart with touching humility, and the tears broke through those long, thick lashes as she bent and kissed the trembling hands that clasped hers, "oh forgive me!"

"What have I to forgive?" replied Francis in a tone which he vainly tried to render firm—kind and gentle it always was. "What should I forgive! That you love another devotedly, almost—no—no—that were impossible, no one ever did, ever can love as I have. God grant that none may suffer as I have since last night! What shall I forgive? Nothing, nothing. If the human heart created its own impulses then would you be blamable. But is this so? Can I with the utmost effort wrest the deep feelings which are killing me from my soul? And if I, a man, cannot do this, how should it be expected of one so gentle and loving, so—alas! Mary, this is a severe blow, bear with me, but remember I have nothing to forgive. Forgive *me* rather that I have so long tortured you with feelings that must disgust, pretensions for which you have hated me!"

"Oh do not say that—torture, disgust with you—indeed I have never felt either; never known a feeling that was not kind and affectionate as—as—"

"A *sister,* you would say," replied Francis in a low, broken voice. "Alas! hatred were better than that."

"No, not as a sister, but better, better a thousand times," said Mary, carried away by the warmth of her feelings and eager to prevent pain.

The dauphin's eye kindled and a slight color broke into his cheek, but both indications of disturbed feeling vanished almost as soon as they appeared.

"But not as you love him," he said clasping her hand till it pained her, and speaking almost in a whisper. "Not as you love *him.*"

Mary turned away her head and wept bitterly.

"I will not deceive you," she murmured in a voice low and broken as his own, "I dare not." Mary could not go on, she felt the hand which held hers begin to shiver, and saw, even through the tears that blinded her, how deadly pale he was.

The dauphin was obliged to draw her toward a seat, for his limbs trembled and he felt that his strength was giving way.

"Go on," he said kindly, but still in a broken voice, "say that in words which I have hardly yet found courage to admit to my own heart; feeling in every nerve that you love another, I yet tremble to hear it said. Oh God! until this day I never guessed what poisoned arrows words and looks may become."

"Do not talk so wildly, so unkindly," pleaded the weeping girl.

"Unkindly! did I speak unkindly?" he said in a voice that was almost reproachful.

"No, it was myself, the reproaches of my own heart, so wayward, so miserable."

"Tell me," said the dauphin, making a strong effort to subdue the emotion that shook his whole frame, "what are your plans? How can I aid them? How prove the earnest and most powerful desire of my soul, that of promoting your happiness. Though it be to see you no more, to give away this hand myself, I will not flinch in the duty."

"It is our wish," said Mary, turning very pale and speaking with difficulty. "It is our wish to leave France."

"To leave France!" repeated the dauphin in a voice of utter dismay.

"We could not be happy here. My people are clamorous for their queen. Every way it would be best."

Francis covered his face and remained silent, but evidently much agitated.

"We fear opposition from your mother, from the king, and would depart privately; but how to escape the penetration, how to elude the keen eye of Catharine de Medicis. I tremble to think of our position!"

"Have no fear," said the dauphin, in a firmer voice and uncovering his pale face, "I will be your companion to the coast. They will never suspect that your betrothed husband, one who loved you as his own life, would aid you to remove from his presence forever."

Mary looked in his face, then covering her own she wept passionately and in silence. His generous self devotion seemed a reproach to the selfishness of her love for another. The dauphin arose and paced the floor, firmly and as one who had gained a command over some great weakness. At length he approached the weeping queen, sat down, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead. His lips were cold and quivering notwithstanding the strong power of will that he had called forth. She gave way to a burst of mingled affection, regret and self-reproach, and flinging her arms about his neck wept bitterly.

"I could yet almost deceive myself into a thought that you love me," said the prince, once more giving way to the emotions that threatened to overwhelm his frail strength, for he was in feeble health.

"Better than the whole world—*next to him!*"

The last words were uttered almost in a whisper, but they fell distinctly on the heart that listened. Once more those cold lips were pressed to her forehead, and Mary Stuart was alone—alone and miserable, for what feeling heart ever gave pain to another without suffering the curse seven-fold in its own being!

A week went by, a week of sorrow and gloom to the royal family of France. The dauphin and heir was seriously ill, and of a disease which baffled the court physicians. He had no fever, no malady to which a name might be given, yet his usually infirm health seemed to have received a severe shock; he was feeble, sad, and so spiritless that even his placid mother was alarmed. During all this time Mary Stuart was nervous, wretched, and anxious; she had received a note of thanks for her beautiful gift, with the assurance that her lover's cheek should press no other pillow till they were both safe in Scotland. After this it was rumored that the Scottish ambassador was taken ill at his hotel, strangely and at night. That every morning he awoke more languid and feverish, till at length he was confined entirely to his couch, raving and delirious.

When this intelligence was brought to the young Queen of Scots, she was sitting with Margaret de Valois and Catharine de Medicis. She remembered not, she cared not that they were gazing on her colorless face. She did not observe that Margaret was weeping and wringing her hands in a fit of sudden grief, or that Catharine turned pale and sat motionless in her gorgeous chair. Mary was too full of sorrow for such observation. He was ill, dying perhaps. The physicians had pronounced his case hopeless. She cared not for concealment, she was no longer a queen, but the passionate, affectionate and troubled woman. She did not for a moment think of asking sympathy from Catharine or her daughter; the depth of their iniquity could not be guessed by a heart warm and guileless as hers, but an intuitive feeling led her from them to the dauphin.

It was nightfall, and Francis was sitting in his splendid chamber solitary and heart sick; the door opened and Mary Stuart, pale as marble, and with tearless eyes, stood before him. She came close to his side, and, kneeling down, pressed her lips upon his hand, humbly and as a grieved child might sue for notice.

"Francis," she said, "I have wronged you and am punished; *he* is ill—he is dying!"

"Ill—dying!" exclaimed the prince.

"You promised once, I remember, to befriend us, to shield me, your betrothed wife, from the anger of Catharine; notwithstanding my treachery, my faithlessness, I come to throw myself on your mercy."

"What can I do—the power of life and death is not mine," said the dauphin, bewildered by her words.

"I only ask one thing—a trifle for you to grant, but life, every thing to me—take me to his side; if you are with me no one will dare say it is wrong. I know that you are suffering, that it is cruel to ask it, but this terrible anxiety must kill me."

"Be comforted, compose yourself," said the dauphin, compassionately; wait here a few moments and I will return."

Francis left the room as he spoke, and proceeded to the apartments occupied by his mother. He found Margaret de Valois wringing her hands, sobbing aloud, and heaping reproaches on the queen—wild, incoherent words, which had no true knowledge to ground themselves on; for it was Catharine's policy to make no confidants, and Margaret could only guess that the Scottish ambassador was ill from any but the natural causes of disease. When the princess saw her brother she became mute, and drew back to a remote corner of the room while he approached the couch.

"Mother," he said, very gently, "the Scottish ambassador is taken ill, at his hotel, and the young sovereign is anxious to visit his sick bed. Will it please your majesty to accompany her?"

"What, me! me!" exclaimed Catharine, pale and aghast almost for the first time in her life.

The dauphin turned his clear eyes searchingly upon her, he had no suspicion of the truth, but such unusual agitation in his polished and tranquil mother surprised him. She was warned by his look how near had been the betrayal of those anxieties that lay gnawing like concealed vultures at her heart.

"Surely it is natural that a lady so young as Queen Mary should desire the protection of your majesty's presence in the performance of so painful a duty," said the dauphin, with quiet dignity; "but if the request be displeasing, she may deem my escort sufficient."

"You did not give me time to reply," said Catharine, in her usual bland voice, though her face was turned away, "there can be nothing displeasing in a request so natural; order chairs, and we will depart at once."

"I will go also, I who have—;" Margaret de Valois paused abruptly, for a quick glance from Catharine cut the imprudent sentence short on her lips.

"That would scarcely seem befitting an unmarried daughter of France," said the dauphin, evidently to the great relief of his mother.

"And is not Queen Mary unmarried also?" said the princess, with a passionate gesture.

"She goes under the protection of her betrothed husband to visit a subject," replied Francis firmly.

"To visit a *lover!*" was the angry rejoinder.

Francis turned a calm, reproving glance on the froward girl, and quietly asking his mother when it would please her to start, received the answer and left the room. In a few minutes he returned with Mary Stuart, muffled in her cloak and leaning heavily on his arm. She was very pale, and trembled violently, but scarcely more so than the agitated being that supported her.

The streets of Paris were dimly lighted in those days, and as Catharine was anxious to keep her visit to the ambassador's hotel a secret, the men who attended her chair carried no flambeaux. So the mournful cavalcade threaded the streets in darkness and silence till it paused in a court yard of the ambassador's hotel. They passed forward—the dauphin, his mother, and Mary of Scotland—up the stairs and through many a sumptuous but deserted apartment; still no attendant was there to receive them, and it was only by the faint murmur of voices from a distance that the party were guided toward the chamber where the suffering nobleman lay.

"Lean on me," whispered the dauphin to the half fainting young creature at his side; "try and control yourself, that must be his chamber door where the light streams through into the corridor."

They moved forward; the light gleaming steadily across the corridor was their only guide, for no sound, not a murmur now disturbed the gloomy silence of that vast building. The door was gained at length. The light had gleamed from four tall wax lights that stood at the head and foot of a heavy bed occupying a corner of the room. Ostrich plumes hung motionless over the four huge posts, and masses of dark velvet swept gloomily downward in the cold light.

Catharine de Medicis paused at the door, for even her proud soul was awed with the solemn hush of that spacious chamber. She leaned heavily against a pillar in the corridor, and motioned with her hand that the dauphin and his companion should advance without her. They did advance, awe-stricken by the gloom and silence that reigned around them. They approached the bed, and there, through an opening of the dark curtains, Mary saw the outline of a human form rising beneath a dark counterpane, it might be, or perhaps a pall, for it was a gloomy covering, and she shuddered to look upon it. A figure was bending over the bed, and now the sobs of a human being broke through the room. The figure lifted its head, and a cry that seemed to rend her heart in twain burst from the Queen of Scots. It was the face of Margaret de Valois, ashy pale and convulsed with grief. Her eyes were fixed wildly on the still form which lay beneath the mingled shadow and glare, contrasted by the wax lights and sombre hangings. That face—Mary bent forward breathlessly and white as marble to attain a single glance at the face. In the frenzy of her grief Margaret flung back the drapery with a wild sweep of her hand, and, with a single gasp, Mary Stuart sunk to the floor. She had seen the face of her lover, cold and rigid like marble, resting on her "pillow of roses." It passed before her eyes like a shadow, that cold, dead face—the black and glossy hair scattered over that snowy satin, the gemmed tassels that gleamed mockingly in the funereal light, and the black plumes nodding mournfully overhead, and then she became insensible. At this moment some friars that had been summoned from a neighboring monastery came slowly along the corridor, prepared to shrive the soul that had just gone into eternity. They passed by the shrouded figure of Catharine de Medicis, and, entering the chamber of death, where all spiritual aid was of no farther avail, they assisted the dauphin to lift the young Queen of Scots from the floor, where she lay supported by the arm of her scarcely less helpless companion. There was no couch in the chamber save that funereal bed, already so mournfully occupied, but when one of the monks recognized the dauphin, and the rank of his suffering companion, he reverently lifted that marble head, and, removing the embroidered pillow, brought it forward and laid it beneath the pallid cheek of Queen Mary. That instant Catharine de Medicis uttered a stifled cry, and, coming hastily forward, snatched the pillow away, and sternly commanded the friar to take it hence and see that it was instantly burned.

The friars recognized their queen, and, bowing with abject humility, took the pillow and were about to obey her command, but that moment an old servant of the ambassador, who had entered with the religious men, stepped respectfully forward and pleaded for its return—

"His master had slept on that pillow ever since his illness," he said; "no one was suffered to take it from his sight an instant, but as he grew feeble and nearer death, his last wish had been that it might be placed beneath his head in the coffin, that even in the grave he might rest upon it."

Catharine felt the dauphin's gaze fixed earnestly upon her; she looked toward Margaret de Valois, and knew by the flash of her dark eyes that another word might arouse suspicions never to be hushed again; so, with a power of self control that never was equaled by woman, she quietly relinquished the pillow, and recommended that it should not again be removed from the dead, as a disease so sudden and fatal might be contagious.

Once more the glowing buds and flowers which Mary had woven with so many happy thoughts were kissed by the cold cheek of the dead; again the threaded pearls, and the glossy satin, and the buds that seemed bursting into flower all over it gleamed mournfully in the cold wax light, a painful contrast to the paraphernalia of death that enveloped and overhung it like a cloud.

Mary of Scotland was carried from the hotel insensible, followed by the awe-stricken, but still impenitent Queen of France, and Margaret de Valois, who had left the palace on foot, and in the night, stubborn in her purpose to look once more on the only face that ever aroused a true or deep emotion in her passionate and fickle heart. Subdued and softened by the scene which had presented itself, she watched with something of true kindness over the Queen of Scots while she lay ill and suffering for many weeks after that melancholy night.

In less than two years from the date of this story Mary Stuart became the wife of Francis. The quarterings of England, France and Scotland were her proud assumption. She was beloved by the people of two great kingdoms, almost adored by the good prince whom she had learned to love with all the subdued affection of her nature; but even at this proud and happy period, a shadow would fall on her sweet face, and tears would start to her eyes, when she thought of "the pillow of roses," and that pale head which found rest upon it in the tomb.

THE OLD MAN'S POEM.

The following cheerful strain of poetry is in a portion of "The Old Man's Poem," by Horace Smith, which appears in the London New Monthly Magazine, for March. It breathes a most contented and happy spirit, and makes us more than ever love and honor the writer:

Vainly, ye libellers! your page
Assaults and vilifies old age.
'Tis still life's golden era;
Its pleasures, wisely understood,
An unalloy'd, unfailing good,
Its evils a chimera.

Time's victim, I am victor still
Holding the privilege at will,
To seize him by the forelock.
On me would he return the grasp
He finds there's nothing left to clasp,
Not e'en a single hoar lock.

Greybeards there are, who, thinking art
Can conquer nature, play the part
Of adolescent friskers;
Swindlers and counterfeits of truth,
They strive to cheat as by false youth,
False teeth, hair, eyebrows, whiskers.

While to the frame due care I give,
No masquerader will I live,
No vain appearance—pander;
But rather seek to save from blight
My mood in all its pristine plight
Of cheerfulness and candor.

A youthful cheer sustains us old,
As arrows hent their course uphold
Wing'd by lightsome feather,
Happy the young old man who thus
Bears, like a human arbutus
Life's flowers and fruits together.

To dark oblivion I bequeath
The ruddy cheek, brown hair, white teeth,
And eyes that brightly twinkle;
Crows feet may plough with furrows deep
My features, if I can but keep
My heart without a wrinkle.

Thanks to thy welcome touch, old age!
Which strongest chains can disengage,
The bondsman's manumitted,
Release from labor, thraldom, strife,
I pasture in the park of life,
Unsaddled and unbitted.

Selected Tales.

THE DIPLOMAS.

FROM THE WESTERN LITERARY CASKET.

About thirty years ago, in a romantic little village situated in one of the eastern counties of Virginia, there resided two very respectable families. The one known by the name of the Beaumont family, was celebrated for the boundless wealth, and the extensive circle of distinguished relatives it possessed. The other was distinguished for characteristics, precisely the opposite of affluence and envious relationship. It consisted of an elderly widow, whose husband had been dead for several years; a beautiful and beloved daughter, whose name was Harriet, and to crown all it was honored with an affectionate and obedient son. George Leslie was indeed a noble, and a fascinating youth. Even in his early childhood, whilst at school, he scarcely knew what it was to occupy any other place in the scale of merit, than the first in the class. Though wedded it would seem to excellence, he never disdained, or felt himself too proud and exalted to assist any of his classmates in difficulty when called upon. During the hours of recreation he manifested a cheerful and joyous spirit. Connected with this he bore the name of being impartial and kind hearted; so that he was mostly chosen arbitrator to adjust the difficulties that often arose among his playfellows. But his youthful popularity extended beyond the confines of the confines of the village school play ground. Every person in the neighborhood loved and courted the acquaintance of George, because he displayed intelligence and judgment that might have ornamented individuals many years his seniors. He was always known to possess one valuable trait, which commends itself to the friendship and respect of every person—he was never heard to tell a falsehood.

A well behaved youth seldom fails to make a respectable man. And as he grew up, the good qualities first implanted in his breast by a kind and careful mother, grew on, wreathing themselves in his very nature, as the true counter arch of his character. George, at the time we speak, was about eighteen years of age. Whilst he was a great stay and comfort to the declining years of his affectionate parent, a constant associate and counsellor of his esteemed sister, he was also universally beloved by every member of his large circle of acquaintances.

His mother about this time, though subsisting on a very limited dowry, began seriously to consider the happy blessings which might be derived from bestowing the benefits of a liberal education on her son. After many unsuccessful attempts to secure the means required for his support at a University, she at length succeeded in procuring an ample resource from a benevolent neighboring farmer. He obligated himself to furnish every necessary requisite for the enterprise, on condition that it should be refunded by George as soon as he might be firmly established in a profession.

As George was about to depart, he received intelligence of the sudden arrival of Arthur Beaumont, from a classical high school in one of the nearest cities; at which he had resided for a considerable time. At the same time he also heard it intimated that Arthur contemplated to spend several years at the same university to which he intended to direct his footsteps. Much overjoyed by this announcement, he inquired particularly concerning the news, and found to his great satisfaction that he had not been misinformed.

Arthur Beaumont, the only heir to the opulent family we have mentioned, gladly responded to the wish of his friend; which was nothing less than a proposition of companionship during their journey. All necessary arrangements being made, the two friends (for so we may term them) left their respective homes for college with light hearts; yet not unmingled with feelings of sorrow at leaving those they so fondly loved.

It will be unnecessary to follow them on their journey. Suffice it to say, as they travelled together, each had many stories to tell, and plans to communicate; so that by the time they reached their journey's end they were pleased with each other, and had become adopted companions as well as true friends. They immediately entered upon their studies, and both professed themselves highly delighted with their undertaking.

But as weeks rolled on a great change appeared in the two individuals. Beaumont, a proud and haughty youth at home, disdained to relinquish the principles he had always cultivated. To enjoy the flying hours with ease, rule over his acquaintances, and trifle with every person he encountered, was his chief delight. His studies were entirely neglected. All he looked after or cared for, was the gratification of his own feelings, so that in a short time he stood marked out as a noted idler, and an arrant devotee of caprice. George Leslie, on the other hand, endeavored more than ever to unfold the gentle disposition, and laudable conduct that he had brought away with him from the arena of his childhood. He was soon discovered to be an intelligent and agreeable companion, which riveted upon him the esteem of nearly every student. The two very different positions now occupied by these gentlemen, very much discouraged and irritated the high-minded Arthur. But his friend Leslie, far from taking advantage from the circumstances, did all in his power to remedy the evil. He was in fact the only person that dared to assist Beaumont; and the only one he could claim as his friend. He pointed out the dangerous course that Arthur pursued. Recommended to him the propriety of attending more closely to his studies. Endeavored to cheer him in his desolate condition; but all remonstrance was given in vain. So far from brightening up his condition, it incensed him, and caused him to assume a greater degree of obstinacy; until he finally plainly informed him, that Arthur Beaumont was better versed in the *propaganda* of common sense than suffer himself to be dictated to by a person of such limited circumstances as George Leslie.

In this manner, however, they proceeded through the college course. After several years of unpleasant study, that season at length arrived, to which they, as well as the rest of their class-mates, had often looked forward to, with the fondest anticipations. The morning of the commencement day opened with the most flattering appearances. A cloudless sky, and the cheerful notes of the feathered songsters, heralded the approach of morning sun; and the bright burning luminary as he broke forth over the eastern hills, seemed to be clad in his choicest robes, to grace with dazzling splendor the chaste decorations of the literary festival. The great interest in the occasion was clearly manifest from the constant bustle and commotion that appeared in every corner of the university. Every student's countenance bore the stamp of anxious curiosity, as well as unbroken evidence of the most heartfelt joy. To the distant church crowds flocked to feast their senses on the varied scenes of the spirited repast. Silvered sires and kind matrons lead the way, closely followed by promising youths, and plumed representatives of blooming beauty. To enliven the minds of the heterogeneous assembly, the soft notes of inspiring music echoed and re-echoed through the fretted dome of the antiquated cathedral. Every heart seemed glad; every ear seemed wrapped in attention, and every eye spoke volumes of applause.

On a conspicuous decorated platform, erected at the east end of the edifice for the occasion, sat the graduating class surrounded by the professors. The exercises were opened by an affecting prayer, offered up by the venerable president. Now followed a long catalogue of well studied harangues, interspersed with music. Arranged before the Faculty each student gracefully bowed as he received the first degree of the literary arts, accompanied with a richly gilded diploma. Scarcely had the thrilling "farewell" of the valedictory died away, ere that many had commenced their "homeward bound." Arthur, pleased to leave a place where he had experienced much dissatisfaction; and George very glad to realize the happy dream he had often dreamed, of meeting his tender mother and kind sister, lost no time in preparing for their departure. Heartily did they congratulate each other on taking a last look of the university spires, finding themselves borne with rapid speed to their long absent and distant homes.

Mr. Beaumont being apprized of his son's return, spared no pains to favor him with a welcome reception. On the morning that he was expected, a great number of friends assembled to participate in the joy of the family, in welcoming back their long absent son. As the coach rolled up to the door, all the friends that had met, each outvied the other in their lavishing compliments. Arthur no sooner leaped from the vehicle, than he was almost overpowered with mutual caresses. One complimented him on his improved appearance; another on the promising advancement of his studies; whilst a third congratulated him on having terminated his college course. Evening came, and with it an increased number of visitors. Each flattered in his turn to the utmost of his ability; so that by the time the company dispersed, Arthur retired to rest, quite a new creature; fully satisfied as to the plausible proficiency in the sciences.

Far different was the scene exhibited at the humble but neat cottage of Mrs. Leslie, during the time of George's arrival. No host of flattering friends came forth to meet him. No distant relative extended to him the hand of friendship. No; pomp and display, as they always had been, were entire strangers at the cottage of George's nativity. But he was gladly welcomed home by two individuals, whose kind greetings were far more dear to him than the complimentary salutations of a legion of such *friends* as came forward to welcome his opulent class-mate. The tender embraces of his mother and sister filled his beating breast with every token of filial affection. But a few moments had elapsed ere George found himself comfortably nestled among the scenes and endearments of childhood. He looked upon his college days as a fanciful dream; and surrounded by the tender caresses of his mother and sister, he was left undisturbed by complimenting sycophants to muse on the days of his earlier years.

The end of three years from this period found George Leslie and Arthur Beaumont at a neighboring city, established in the practice of the legal profession. Arthur had went through the study, and undertaken the practice of law, not merely led to it by caprice, but on account of being necessarily driven to the task by the force of circumstances. This short space had wrought a great change in the affairs of his family. Death had swept away its most prominent stays; whilst being lashed and torn by a continual succession of the reverses of fortune, its affluence and celebrity were almost instantaneously bewildered and crushed. He attempted to alleviate the misfortune, by leading forth to the altar a respectable and beautiful bride. In this union he fancied to secure the crumbling honor of his ancestral domains by the powerful influence of her opulent relatives. But the true old adage that "when a man begins to run down hill, every one stands ready to favor him with a kick" was palpably verified in the sad experience of Beaumont; and no sooner did he find every effort unavailing, than he relinquished all hope. Fate, he imagined, had decreed him an ignoble end. The vapors of destruction gathered over his head from every quarter. His friends lost their wonted confidence in him, and the clear consequence was, a general failure in business. It is true he attempted to thwart the scourge of disgrace, by exhibiting his diploma, to certify his proficiency in the different sciences; the law school certificate to warrant his ability in universal practice; but all these came too late to his assistance. Misfortune has marked him as her easy victim, and fully arrayed in all her distinguished attributes, she stood ready to follow him to the tomb. His affectionate wife, nurtured in the bosom of romance and luxury, and an entire stranger to the realities of life, faithful to her solemn vow, threw aside every comfort to soften the cares of her undone husband. But the pale expression of that once blooming countenance, overwhelmed with sorrow the once fond heart of Arthur Beaumont. To be so suddenly snatched from the courts of fashion, to the dreary cells of cheerless despair, chilled the slow ebbing current of feeling, and stamped upon his soul the fatal signature of frozen remorse. One step more and his ruin was accomplished. He fled for refuge to the intoxicating bowl; revelled in every haunt of vice; and in a few months his miseries were terminated by the cold finger of Death.

We think we now hear the reader inquire, "what then has become of George Leslie?" Well, as we have such a favorable account to render, it will afford us a pleasing satisfaction to lay before you the desired information.

George, animated by a pure and upright impulse, pursued a just and laudable course. A few months practice furnished him with a great amount of business. He arose step by step, until he was crowned the first advocate at the bar. The conduct of his classmate soon drew his attention, and he came forward to render him every assistance. But more than ever the bigoted attorney disdained to be benefited by his counsel. Finding his benevolent overtures rejected, in every form, he finally abandoned him to his own folly, much lamenting the danger of his fatal obstinacy.

He now became united to an amiable and virtuous wife; who, whilst she adorned the family circle with every grace and comfort desirable, was never negligent in assisting and cheering George, in his arduous daily avocations. Still applying himself with unrelenting vigor to study, he rapidly occupied various degrees of distinction. From a state representative he was elected to a seat in our national counsel; not unfrequently appearing as an honored star in the republic of letters.

Such then is the character and destiny of him, who applied himself diligently to accomplish the end of his existence. In the days of his youth, a studious scholar and dutiful son; in middle life a practical economist, as well as a benevolent friend; and finally settled in later years, as a time-honored and respectable member of society.

Here is the end of our practical narrative. Fie! what an insignificant tale you have conjured up, exclaims the sneering critic. What a stale rehearsal of every day life, you have presented. Destitute of every grace, and fashionable formality that characterizes the choice reading of the present day. But stop a moment. Has practicability not been our object? Was not the original design to illustrate, and unfold the error of fashionable education? This was indeed our chief aim and straight forward intention. What then, let us ask, does the lesson teach us? First of all, that wealth has not the power to make a man happy in life, or render him a lasting benefit to his fellow creatures. Secondly, that although perseverance and real worth may be overlooked and buried for a time, justice will finally deliver over the usurping monster to be condemned, and *true merit will have its own reward!*

☞ An honest Jonathan from the interior, on his visit to the metropolis was awakened one night by hearing the cry of "Oyst, buy any Oysters!" in the mellifluous tones of the luscious shell fish, who was passing under the windows of the hotel. A noise so new to his ear startled him, and he asked his room mate what it meant. "It is only oysters," replied his fellow lodger pettishly. "Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan in astonishment, "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

☞ "Well Joe, are you making money these days?" said Bill, the other day, to an active business man. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "I tried hard to make money until I sunk several thousand dollars, and now I am trying to make a living. If I do that honestly, I shall be satisfied."

Agricultural.

DECOMPOSITION OF ROCKS.

More than thirty years ago, from careful observation, the Hon. John Welles came to the conclusion that rocks in the soil were serviceable to vegetation. He after some years expressed the opinion that their action was chemical, and that they became decomposed. This opinion was received with respect, but with much doubt by our leading agriculturists. Now this opinion is fully established and sustained by the leading agricultural chemists both in Europe and America. The rains and carbonic acid in the atmosphere takes from rocks potash or soda, which is carried down by the rain to enrich the soil. Hence and for other reasons trees transplanted over a cart load of stones tipped up in the hole, thrive better than those transplanted without stones; and the soil directly under old walls, mixed with a little lime, has been found equal to street manure. Hence the importance of close observation and investigation of common matters. Johnston in his lecture on the Chemistry of Agriculture, on this subject, says:

It is important to the agriculturist to understand the relation which the carbonic acid of the atmosphere bears to those alkaline silicates which occur in the mineral and vegetable kingdom. Insoluble as they are in water, they are slowly decomposed by the united action of the moisture and carbonic acid of the air, the latter taking the potash or soda from the silica, and forming *carbonates* of these bases. In consequence of this decomposition the rock disintegrates and crumbles down, while the soluble carbonate is washed down by the rains or mists, and is borne to the lower grounds to enrich the alluvial and other soil, or is carried by the rivers to the sea.

In some cases, as in the softer felspar of some of the Cornish granites, this decomposition is comparatively rapid, in others, as in the Dartmoor and many of the Scottish granites, it is exceedingly slow,—but in all cases the rock crumbles to powder long before the whole of the silicates are decomposed, so that potash and soda are always present in greater or less quantity in granitic soils, and will continue to be separated from the decaying fragments of rock for an indefinite period of time.

In the farm-yard and the compost-heap, where vegetable matters are undergoing decomposition, the silicates they contain undergo similar decompositions, and, by similar chemical changes their silica is rendered soluble, and thus fitted when mixed with the soil, again to minister to the wants and to aid the growth of new races of living vegetables.

"Locust Year."—The Hartford Courant contains the following communication in relation to Locusts:—We frequently see it announced in the newspapers, that this year *has been* "Locust Year," followed by the story of their returning only once in seventeen years; and as these announciations appear in different parts of the country oftener than once in seventeen years, it has been stated that there are different tribes of Locusts, and that although the appearance of Locusts in different places, may be oftener, yet each tribe appears but once in seventeen years. What people in general think of these stories I do not know; but I should think they would be read with doubt and indifference, at least.

I well remember three "locust years," in the years 1792, 1809, and 1826, and my father told me that he remembered one in the year 1758, and another in 1775. There being seventeen years between each of these dates, is strong evidence that they return once in seventeen years, and accordingly the present year 1843 *may be expected to be locust year*. I wish you to publish this at this time, that the etymologists may have an opportunity to make observations, and if it should be a locust year, publish the result of their observations. "If a prophet prophesy, and that which he prophesieth cometh to pass, then shall ye know that he is a true prophet."

They say in New York that the locusts or "Pharachs" have come already.

Horticultural Expedition to China.—China has long been known to possess many rare and valuable trees, shrubs, fruits and flowers, which have not yet found their way to Europe. From thence come our beautiful Azaleas, Cammillias, and Wistaria (Glycine) Sinensis. Taking the advantage of the opening of the Chinese ports by the late treaty, the Horticultural Society of London has resolved to send a person well qualified for the undertaking, to bring home all he finds worthy of introduction to England. Among the fruits there, the Pekin peach is said to weigh two pounds, and nothing is more melting and delicious. Our own Government of the United States has it in contemplation to fit out an embassy on a liberal scale to China; and we hope among other important matters, that the subject of agriculture will not be forgotten. In the meanwhile, we shall call the attention of the officers of our merchant ships about to sail on their annual voyages, to these matters, and see what we can do in our humble private way.—*American Agriculturist.*

Salting Horses.—A curious fact is mentioned in Parker's Treatment on salt: "A person who kept sixteen farming horses, made the following experiment with seven of them which had been accustomed to the salt with their food. Lumps of rock salt were laid in their mangers, and these lumps previously weighed, were examined weekly, to ascertain what quantity had been consumed and it was repeatedly found that whenever these horses were fed on hay and corn, they consumed only about 2½ or 3 ounces per day, but that when they were fed with new hay, they took six ounces per day." This should convince us of the expediency of permitting our cattle the free use of salt at all times, and it cannot be given in so convenient a form as rock salt, it being much more palatable than the article in a refined state, and by far cheaper. A good lump should always be kept in a box, by the side of the animal without fear that it will ever be taken in excess.

Cellars.—See that your cellar is thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed. Let every thing of vegetable description, likely to rot and generate unwholesome gases, or disagreeable influences, be at once removed. Old vegetables, in a state of putrescence, as well as old brine and casks impregnated with vegetable or animal matters, are deleterious to health, and should be at once cleared out. The bottom of the cellar, also, should be carefully scraped, and its surface covered with fresh lime in order to avoid the generation of bad gases, as well as to prevent those disagreeable odors consequent upon confined air.

Horticulture, the attendant and embellisher of agriculture, which provides so many palatable and healthful additions to the substantial produce of the field, and correctors of the undue stimulus and acrimony of much animal food, merits all the fostering care which an uncorrupted and yet educated and refined taste has ever extended to it. A well cultivated garden, in due alternation of vegetable, fruit and flower, gives us poetry without its illusions—nature divested of her ruggedness, and art of its constraint. —*Dr. Bell.*

Onion Seed.—If you have onion seed on hand, the vitality, or germinating powers of which is questionable, tie a small quantity of it in a linen rag, and in this state plunge it into hot water. After an immersion of half an hour, take it out, and if the seed be good, it will have germinated. So says *Rees' Cyclopedia*. An onion seed often fails to germinate after sowing, this experiment should be tried in all cases where there is any doubt as to the vitality of the seed.

Preservation of Apples.—We last week received from Tyler Fountain, of Peekskill, a dozen fall pippins, which had been so well preserved through the winter, that they were as sound and juicy as in November. They were preserved by packing them in barrels with plaster of Paris. The plaster should be sifted, that it may settle down so closely as entirely to fill the spaces between the apples, and thus exclude the air.—*Albany Cul.*

Duty on Wheat Taken to Canada.—After the first of July next, all American Wheat taken to Canada will have to pay a duty of seven cents per bushel. Flour forty-four cents per barrel. The wheat, when manufactured in Canada, can be sent to England upon the payment of a light duty—merely nominal.

The Sugar Season.—Probably at no sugar season for thirty years has less maple sugar been made in Vermont, than during this spring. It is safe to say, we think, that not more than one-third, probably not more than one quarter as much has been made this year, as was made the last season.—*Montpelier Patriot.*

Wheat, Rye and Fruit.—The Trenton Emporium says:—"A farmer, residing in the neighborhood of Trenton, informs us that the wheat and rye never looked more promising at this season of the year. The prospect of an abundance of fruit, he also says, is at present very good."

Items of News.

☞ By a decree of the new Provisional Government of Hayti, dated Port au Prince, April 17th, 1843, the ports of St. Marc, Port de Paix, Aquin, Miragoane, and Anse d'Heineault are free and open to foreign commerce. Another decree, dated April 12th, 1843, makes the maritime and commercial relations free between Hayti and the West Indies, with whom they trade, in order to remedy the evils which the restrictive policy of the late government had caused.

Hail Storm.—The Albany Advertiser states that the villages of Fort Plain and Canajoharie were visited on Sunday week by a severe and destructive hail storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The glass in the windows of nearly every building unprotected by blinds or shutters, were broken to a greater or less extent, in Fort Plain. The two churches also suffered severely.

The Repeal Fund.—The receipts of the Dublin Repeal Association for the first three months of the present year, have more than doubled those of the corresponding term last year. In 1842 the amount received up to the 5th of April, was £1522 and in 1843, £3890.

Drowned.—Mr. Morgan, of Clark county, Virginia, with three colored men, attempted to cross the Shenandoah in a small skiff, on the 8th inst., when the skiff either sunk or was upset, and Mr. M. and two of the men were drowned.

An Old Sinner.—A woman named Lucy Cant, 92 years of age, has been convicted of passing counterfeit Mexican dollars, in New York, and sentenced one year to the Penitentiary!

☞ The Millerites are about to erect a second temple in Boston.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, May 20, 1843.

☞ Benj. C. Bacon is duly authorized to collect subscriptions due the United States Saturday Post, Graham's Magazine and Lady's World, in the State of Massachusetts.

☞ P. Beaver is Agent for the "United States Saturday Post," "Graham's Magazine," and the "Lady's World," at Millerstown, Perry Co. La.

☞ W.Jas. R. Butler, late of Cincinnati, Ohio, now of New York city, will give us his address he will hear of something to his advantage.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," *gratis.*

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

"One man," saith Shakspeare "in his time plays many parts." One editor plays many parts, not in "his time" merely, which, hiatus supplied, means his life time, but all the time. Take up any newspaper you please for the proof—the one in your hand will answer, and run your eye over the contents. You find a translation for the lovers of Eastern story—a historical tale for another taste—a practical story for those who affect common sense, a little coquettish sketch for the ladies, and serious, practical, agricultural, poetical, and other scraps, to fill up the variety. Run over these and acknowledge that the person who is bound to consult the sources whence the supply for the gratification of so many tastes must be drawn, must be industrious, to say the least.

Prominent news items, there do not appear to be many just now either strange or startling. Several things noticed last week as in a state of uncertainty have reached a decisive place. Mr. Cushing, for instance, has settled the question about the China Mission, by drawing his first year's salary and outfit; and several other of the political uncertainties are uncertainties no longer.

The prominent article of news for a great many of our readers will be the abstract of the state and resources of the societies which have just completed the celebration of their anniversaries in New York. The speech of the veteran Dr. Beecher, at the Temperance anniversary, will especially command attention; and it is matter of regret that it was impossible to give many other speeches, all of which were very interesting. But, our limits forbid, and that one reason is as good as a volume.

It appears to be settled that this is "locust year," or as some of the farmers have it, that the "Pharachs are coming." We say settled—because all who have spoken at all upon the matter take that side of the question. Providence has, however, placed our lots in such a land of plenty, that what we deem scarcity of natural products here, scarcely descends to the standard of what is deemed "plenty" in lands more thickly populated. Whenever we have had high prices of the necessaries of life, it has usually been accompanied with corresponding prices for labor, so that the relative position of things has been preserved; or it has been when the negligence of the people has permitted the natural advantages of the country to be neglected. Such, however, is not the case at present.

In our "gossip" last week we broke ground in favor of a new copyright law—and proceed to-day to say a few words farther in explanation of what we mean. It is not that we would have all English published works put under the ban in this country, until the foreign author or proprietor sold his permission to republish, or himself issued an edition here. Such a state of things would be liable to objections, so many, so important, and so obvious, that it is scarcely necessary to particularise them. Nor are we willing to admit that any injustice or any wrong is done to foreign authors by the present state of things. They have no legal or natural rights in this country which are violated thereby. But a right of property can be created, vested in American citizens, which would benefit all the parties interested. Our plan is simply this: Let a law be passed, by which an American citizen, who is the bona fide purchaser of a foreign book, in advance of its publication abroad, may take out a copy-right as proprietor; and be defended in that right, in the same manner that he would, were the author an American citizen. Let this privilege be restricted, however, to American native and naturalized citizens, and to such as have given notice of their intention to become *naturalized*. Such a modification of the so much discussed copy-right law, with such checks and provisos as would suggest themselves in the discussion of the bill, would be a compromise between the two literary factions, which would, we think, protect the interests of all concerned, and not materially, if at all, enhance the price of books to the public.

Among other matters which will claim the attention of the next Congress, we find it asserted that a renewal of the proposition to annex Texas to the United States will form an early subject of debate. Whether this prediction is well grounded or whether it is merely the suggestion of jealous politicians we are not prepared to pronounce; nor are we ready or anxious to go into any premature discussion of the question.

There is, however, one thing which the next Congress will be bound to attend to, and that with all proper expedition. It is necessary so to regulate the Treasury issues of promises to pay, that the acceptor of one of these notes may not stand an even chance of getting a specimen of ingenuity, in the shape of a cancelled note, with the cancelling marks cancelled. In another place will be found some account of recent operations in this line of business. In addition to what is there stated, it is said that the discovery has been made that the operation must have been a long time matured—and that the rogues who accomplished the villainy commenced by using ink which would bear removal. [*Parenthesis.* It is unnecessary to say that *Hover's ink* would not answer this trickish purpose. He has just sent us a bottle by the way, as indelible as the crow's feet, at the corners of a bachelor's eye, and as black as Joice Heath's grandmother was.] The laws of the United States are sufficiently severe—but under what clause does the erasure of a cancelling mark come? It is not counterfeiting—it is not an alteration of the original note. What is it, then?

In the foreign news last received, we find nothing more touching that flying machine—except a hoax, transparent and not worth copying. It is shrewdly suggested that at the "experimental trip," the stockholders will take passage, and the machine head for Bedlam.

THE NEW MORMON STATION.

A Western correspondent of a Cincinnati paper states that Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet, has lately laid out another town, about twenty-five miles from Nauvoo, on the Illinois side of the river. He went up last month in great pomp, with some two or three hundred of his deluded followers, and consecrated the spot. They are now busily engaged in erecting improvements; some three hundred new emigrants were landed there recently, from various parts of the world, principally England and Scotland. They call the new place "Chocohoo," being the Indian name for "*Flint Stone.*" Nauvoo, the great city of the "Latter Day Saints," is continually receiving large additions to its numbers.

THE TREASURY NOTE FRAUD.

On Saturday last, John M. Breedlove, nephew of the late Collector of New Orleans, Joseph W. Jewell, and Sawyer Rennis, were arrested in Washington, D. C., on a bench warrant from the United States Court, charged with having, on or about the 26th day of July, 1842, stolen a large sum of money in Treasury Notes of the United States, to wit, the sum of *ninety thousand dollars* (90,000) or thereabouts; and further charged them with altering, uttering and publishing said amount of Treasury Notes. The young men were found pursuing a course of crazy and reckless dissipation in Washington, and were arrested with a dexterity which does great credit to the police of the district. On examination of the persons of the prisoners, in the jail, nothing of importance was found except about $100 in notes, in Breedlove's pocket. The examination of Breedlove's trunk at the hotel, brought to light $50 in bank notes; 5 eagles; 3 half eagles; 20 sovereigns; $1000 in American gold; one large gold stud breast pin; one gold watch-chain and key, and a splendid assortment of wearing apparel. Jewell's trunk contained nothing worthy of notice.

They were almost immediately claimed, upon their arrest, by the Deputy U. S. Marshal of New Orleans, and will be taken to that city for trial. The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, learned from this officer, that Breedlove was, for six or seven years, a clerk in the Custom House, at New Orleans, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances. Upon the back of every note, the word "cancelled" was written; this was obliterated by some chemical process, in such a manner as to leave a faint yellow stain therein. He further states that, abundant evidence can be adduced there, to prove that Breedlove and his associates succeeded in passing off some $15,000 of these notes, in New Orleans, and that the amount circulated cannot be correctly ascertained for a long time, if ever. He says the guilt of Jewell, in circulating the notes, can also be fully established. There appears to be doubts as to the amount of evidence against Rennis.

This affair, taken in connexion with the recent arrest of a Washington clerk, will go a great way against the continuance of the issue of Treasury Notes.

The N. O. Bee of the 9th says—"We learn that two passengers on board of the steamship Alabama were arrested on Saturday, at the Balize, by Captain Taylor, of the revenue service, on suspicion of being concerned in the late abstraction of Treasury notes at the Custom House. They were brought to New Orleans in charge of Capt. Taylor."

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held on Tuesday evening last, was very fully attended, and the flowers and vegetables collected presented one of the most splendid exhibitions of the kind which have ever taken place. The following were the premiums awarded:

By the Committee on Plants and Flowers.

For the best Everblooming Roses, to John Sherwood.

For the best American Seedling Everblooming Rose, to Leafenty & Lentz.

For the most interesting collection of Plants in pots, to William Chalmers, jr., gardener to George Pepper.

For the next most interesting collection, to Thomas Loyd.

For the best Boquet or design, to Archibald Henderson, gardener to W. Chancellor.

For another Boquet or design, an equal premium to Joseph Cook, gardener to Wm. Norris.

For the next best Boquet, to Archibald Henderson.

The Committee have the pleasure of announcing to the Society, that they have awarded the premium for the best American Seedling Camelia, exhibited during the season since the December meeting, to John Sherwood, for his splendid seedling named "Mrs. Cope."

By the Committee on Vegetables.

For the best Asparagus, 3 bunches, to Mrs. Tage, of New Jersey.

For the best Mushrooms, to Jeremiah Mullin, gardener to Miss Gratz.

For the best forced Potatoes, half peck, to Geo. Robinson, gardener to Mr. Binney.

For the best Rhubarb, 2 bunches, to J. Engleman.

For the best display of Vegetables, to J. Engleman.

For the next best display, to G. Robinson, gardener to Mr. Binney.

Special Premiums.

For the best Cauliflowers, a premium of $2, to James McKee, gardener to Chas. Chauncey.

For the best Cucumbers, a premium of $2, to Jas. Cook, gardener to W. Norris.

For the best Sea Kale, a premium of $2, to Jas. McKee.

For very fine Asparagus and Rhubarb, a premium of $2, to Wm. Carvill, gardener at the Haverford College.

BANKRUPTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We wish that some competent person in each State would collect the statistics of bankruptcy. The whole would form an important collection of statistics. The Boston Daily Advertiser gives us the following facts relative to the decisions in Massachusetts:

The last petitions to be declared bankrupt, in Massachusetts, were called last Tuesday in the District Court of the United States. It appeared that ten of the petitions were filed on March third, the day when the act repealing the law was approved by the President. The Judge declined to enter a decree in the cases until the matter had been further considered. We understand that the point will be argued at a future day. In one of these cases the nominal assets are large.

The whole number of petitions filed in bankruptcy, in this district is 3255. The whole number of bankrupts is about 3800.

The whole amount paid into Court by assignees up to this date, already collected from the estates of bankrupts, is $472,728 35.

The amount already distributed among the creditors, is $306,561 58.

The largest dividend paid to any one creditor, is $10,000. The smallest, is *one cent.*

The largest amount distributed in any one case, is, $202,400. The smallest is eleven cents. In the latter case, there were three creditors, whose aggregate debts amount to $488 80.

The number of cases in which dividends have been declared and paid out, is 271. The average number of cases of each month in which dividends are declared, is about 50. We believe that the cases are settled up and dividends declared in Massachusetts more promptly than in any of the other States. In some of the States, as we learn from good authority, no dividends have as yet been made, although there is a large amount of funds in Court.

CONVICTION OF A MURDERER.

Thomas Thorn has been convicted at Portland, Maine, of the murder of Elisha Wilson on the 5th of February. The circumstances of the case were something as follows. Thorn had been engaged to Wilson's wife before her marriage to Wilson, but had been absent for some years. On his return he lived in the same house with them, and was very intimate with Mrs. W. On the morning of the 5th of February, the neighbors were called into the house by Wilson's wife and Thorn, and Wilson was found dead. They said that in attempting to rise from his bed, he had fallen and struck his head against a chair, which had caused his death. They were suspected of having murdered him, and were committed to prison. The physicians who examined the wounds testified that it could not have been made in the manner alleged, but must have been the effects of a blow. Bloody bed clothing, and other proofs of the murder were discovered.

Within five minutes after the rendition of the verdict agaist Thorn, Mrs. Wilson was put upon trial. She was acquitted—we confess that we cannot see why, for her consent to the murder was apparent enough. She says, however, in a sort of informal confession addressed to the Judge that she was in bed when she saw Thorn kill her husband, and that he threatened to kill her if she made any alarm or resistance. The Jury were out about five minutes.

Thorn is sentenced to be imprisoned for one year and then hanged.

WESTERN LAND SALES.

The Treasury of the United States would not seem likely to nett much from land sales this year, if Iowa is to be taken as a standard and specimen. In the Fairfield district, where by far the best business was done, but 40,000 acres were disposed of, out of 392,000 acres offered. In the Dubuque district, of 725,000 acres offered, but 34,000 were disposed of.

Notwithstanding the above, it would appear that there is no lack of emigrants going West, at any rate. The Buffalo papers say that the numbers this year are truly wonderful. Those going are not merely the agriculturists from Europe, but very many intelligent mechanics, who are forced from the seaboard by the depression of the times and consequent low price of labor.

The Old School Democrat, printed at St. Louis, Missouri, of the 29th ult., gives a gratifying account of the activity of business in that city. It says, "more than forty steamboats have arrived, and as many departed during this week, heavily laden with produce or merchandise. Immigration is pouring vast numbers of new settlers into our State, and the day is not distant when Missouri will contain a dense population of thriving farmers, planters and stock rearers."

THE COMET.

Messrs. Walker Kendall and Downes, Astronomers of the Philadelphia High School Observatory, after the labor of eight of ten hours a day since March 11th, have reached the startling conclusion that the Comet, on the 27th of February, struck the sun and rebounded! Should this opinion be proved or generally adopted by Astronomers, the year 1843 will mark an era in astronomical discovery, as important as any now in the annals of the science. We have not space for the whole report, but subjoin the concluding paragraph. This Comet can never return again.

Encke's comet is gradually winding itself up, and must some time or other, experience the fate of this comet of 1843. That is to say, it must actually come in contact with the atmosphere or permanent portions of the body of the sun. It has already been a matter of speculation with astronomers when this event shall occur (however remote) what will be the fate of the comet? Will it join the mass of the sun—a drop in an ocean—or will it rebound and glance off in another orbit, an hyperbola, for instance, and never return? Now, that which is destined some day to be the fate of Encke's comet, seems actually to have occurred with the recent comet. It appears to have come in contact with the permanent portion of the atmosphere of the sun, and to have been so much resisted in its course, as to pass off in a path which prolonged backwards enters the sun.

It may have been before a parabola or an ellipse, and it may have been the comet of 1668, or 1689, or both, and in this case something like a shock or rebound must have occurred at this perihelion passage, which has changed the orbit into an hyperbola, passing through the sun. Whenever a shock of two bodies takes place of which one is considered as fixed, the subsequent path of the other prolonged backwards passes through the first. We repeat it that we offer these views of the subject as suggestions merely, and hope that others will be more fortunate in arriving at a positive certainty. The perturbations have not been computed. It is hardly possible that they can have produced this alteration of the orbit. If such an alteration has actually taken place, the powerful resistance of a medium near the sun—or actual contact with the sun's atmosphere can alone account for it.

BUNKER HILL.

On the 17th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and of the foundation of the Monument, the completion of the work is to be celebrated. The President of the United States, and some of the heads of departments will be present, as well as many distinguished and prominent men from all parts of the country. It will be a great occasion, and worthily celebrated. From the estimates of Mr. Willard, the engineer, we gather the following facts:

It appears that the actual cost of the work complete was $101,688. Had the cost not been increased by the delay arising from the deficiency of funds, the amount would not have exceeded $80,000. Mr. Willard presents estimates which show that at the market prices of granite work of a like description, it would have cost not less than $200,000. The above statements relate solely to the cost of the obelisk itself, exclusive of that of the land, etc. The amount expended on the work from 1825 to 1829, was $56,525; from 1834 to 1836, $30,421; and on the final resumption of it, $24,016; besides some additional expenses for iron work, etc., making up the above sum. There was also paid in addition for the land, $23,332; for expenses connected with the celebration of the 50th anniversary and laying the corner-stone, $4720; besides sundry other miscellaneous expenses.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Potted pigeons, according to the Miner's Express, must be a drug in Wisconsin, as live pigeons are there, in abundance enough to send the crops to pot. The story is that there is, or has been, in Jackson county, a pigeon roost three miles long and half a mile in width. There can be no estimate made of their numbers. Their roosting places are about a mile distant from their nests and feeding places, being three in number, and each one covering a section of land; and, in passing to and fro, they darken the air with their number; break down young trees with their weight; and hundreds are killed by getting entangled in the falling limbs and branches. The people kill them with clubs; and their noise is so loud that, when a gun is fired among them, the report cannot be heard; and a person can stand in one place and shoot all day, the birds returning as soon as you can load. This is certainly too much of a good thing. The Caleb Quotem in Cooper's Pioneers, would enjoy this sort of sport vastly.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS ABROAD.

The Cincinnati Gazette, publishes a letter from Clevenger the Sculptor, dated at Florence, March 19th, which will be interesting to our readers:

"I have modeled an ideal bust of the Lady of the Lake, from Walter Scott, and have nearly completed, in the clay, a statue of an Indian warrior, which are my only attempts in the ideal as yet. We were quite surprised a few days since, to see in an American paper [said to be an extract from a recent letter of his,] an account of an attempt to assassinate Mr. Powers. It is but just to Mr. P., as well as to the artists here, to say that it is all false; for he, as well as the rest of us here, have every reason to be grateful to the artists; they are generally very gentlemanly and kind to foreign artists, and have been particularly so to Mr. P.; they have not only made him Professor in the Academy, but given him the privilege of nominating any one of his friends to the same honor. Mr. P. has just finished modeling his Greek Captive, and his Eve is going on in the marble. We have another young artist from Cincinnati, who has just commenced a statue, by the name of Baker, who, by the way, is a very clever fellow."

RETURNED.

As expected, Shipman, the late broker's messenger, of whom so much has been said, returned to this city on Thursday week, and was taken into custody. He has had several examinations before the Mayor preliminary to his committal. From all the testimony it appears, we understand from the Journal that Shipman never could have contemplated appropriating any funds to his use when they were entrusted to him in New York. Every dollar is accounted for save the money of the Union Bank. And, if he has appropriated the money of that institution to the payment of *pressing* creditors—it was not with that "foregone conclusion," that he obtained the money from the bank; for it appeared that he has had in his possession at divers times much larger amounts belonging to the different banks, which, if he had concerted a scheme to defraud, he certainly would selected a period when the inducement was much greater. It is generally believed that he has not a dollar secreted.

LATEST FROM MONTEVIDEO.

The latest accounts state that the operations in front of the town continued to be of the same desultory character. President Oribe had received some heavy ordance forwarded to him from Buenos Ayres, and it was expected that something of a decisive character would be soon undertaken. Rivera, unable any longer to keep his forces in a compact body, had divided them into marauding parties. One of the largest of these, commanded by General Aguiar, had been routed in the department of Maldonado by Commendant Melger. The Riveristas had previously entered the town of Minas and assassinated the Vicar at the door of the church, on account of the reverened gentleman's attachment to the legal cause.

General Urquiza, having satisfactorily arranged every thing in Corrientes, had passed over into the Oriental territory with a division of 4000 cavalry and 500 infantry, in order to act in combination with President Oribe.

MORE ROGUERY.

Rumors have been current of the arrest of several clerks in the Treasury Department at Washington, charged with embezzlement. The "number" is, however, reduced to one, and that one is under bail in $2500 for attempting to pass off returned Treasury Notes. He tried first, in Baltimore, through the agency of a negro to get off $300, and then $100 in Washington, but in neither case did he succeed; nor is it known that he has at any time accomplished any financiering of this description. His name is R. P. Dowden.

A young man was recently arrested at Houston, Texas, with $2000 U. S. funds, with which he had decamped from the commissariat department, at Fort Jessup. He was arrested by a lieutenant of the U. S. Army, as he was on the point of sailing for Havana.

WESTERN EXCURSION.

The following list, comprises the names of the gentlemen who left St. Louis on the 3d inst. in the steamboat Western, for the "Far West." Sir William Drummond Stewart; Mons. P. Pietierre, Artist, Paris; Prof. Mersche, Botanist, Baltimore, Md.; Messrs. N. and R. Hermann, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. S. Tighman, Surgeon, Baltimore, Md.; Lieut. Smith, U. S. Army; Lieut. Graham, U. S. Army; Mr. Field, New Orleans Picayune; Mr. Sublette, Captain of Camp, St. Louis; Prof. Battelle, Mineralogist, London. They propose to hunt, explore, and report upon the botanical, geological, and other features of the Rocky Mountain region.

COLUMBUS.

It is stated in a late French paper, that Columbus was not born in Genoa as is generally believed. An old prefect of Corsica, in looking over state papers recently, found in the registers of Calvi, the *act of birth* of this illustrious navigator. Columbus therefore is a countryman of Napoleon. To have given birth to the discoverer of the new world, and the overturner of the old is glory enough for little Corsica.

CROTON MAD.

Our neighbors in New York, are as completely Croton-mad as the Parisians were Giraffe-mad, when the first specimen of that noble animal was made to survive in the Garden-des-plants. They—the New Yorkers, not the Parisians—have Croton Halls, Croton Eating-houses, Croton Plumbers, Croton Fountains, Croton Temperance Societies, Coton this, that, and the other, as though pure water and plenty of it was really something new under the sun. We notice too, that the Croton itself has run mad, and occasionally bursts a pipe, to the terror of the dwellers in Gotham. Well, by and bye we dare say our unsophisticated friends in the self-styled emporium, will get used to what Philadelphians could not exist without.

A REFRACTORY LAD.

One of the children of Mr. Hilliard, Charge to Belgium, who sailed from New York on Monday, is a young lad of six years. He had a strong disinclination to make a voyage, and expressed his determination to remain behind. Although the child was closely watched, he managed to escape from his family at the moment of embarkation at Whitehall dock. The ship was detained, messengers were despatched to the Mayor's Office, and sent about the city. In about an hour's time he was discovered in Courtlandt street, attentively examining some prints in a shop window. The little fugitive was immediately restored to his anxious family, and went with them to sea.

IMPORTANT FROM YUCATAN.

By an arrival at New York, we learn that at Vera Cruz, on the 28th of April, official intelligence was received, that the Mexicans had taken the city of Campeachy. The city was bombarded by the Mexican steamer Guadaloupe, and was captured with very little resistance, only two men being killed on board the steamer.

The schooner Vigilant, of Philadelphia, was captured off Campeachy by the Mexicans, and was taken as a prize into Campeachy. She was supposed to have smuggled goods concealed among her cargo, which was wholly of corn. Business was dull at Vera Cruz, and it was very healthy for the season.

WHERE ARE THEIR RECORDS?

Mr. Stephens, in his late travels in Yucatan, visited the ruins of *forty-four* distinct cities, once the abodes of a race which has perished from the earth. These ruins are covered with dense forests, which our countryman has been the first civilized man to penetrate. What a field will these ruins afford by and by, to some new Champollion! In this view of the subject we are not to wonder at the immense sale which the two works of Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood have met in Europe. Doubtless many European scholars are already at work in the business of comparison of the inscriptions in these American ruins, with the Egyptian.

PIRATES.

A vessel recently arrived at New York, the ship Adelaide, reports the arrival of a vessel at Matanzas, from the Canaries, which had been on her passage chased by a piratical craft manned with blacks. Symptoms of a determination to resist, on the part of the vessel pursued, induced the pirates to give over the chase. As they did so, they hoisted the Haytien flag. The Haytiens will speedily get into business, at this rate, which may not prove so pleasant. We observe that the U. S. sloop-of-war Falmouth has sailed from Pensacola for St. Domingo, and a cruise, afterward, off the Isle of Pines.

WOOLLEN IN MICHIGAN.

At Marshal, Michigan, a woollen factory is in process of erection, for the manufacture of the coarse woollens, so much in use at the West. This is an important commencement, and although the works are to employ but about forty hands, we cannot doubt that many more capitalists will follow the example, should the enterprise prove favorable. Manufacturing establishments in the West furnish a home market for many agricultural products, which would be otherwise unavailable; and the true riches of the western country, are yet to be developed by new channels for industry.

ANOTHER MISSION.

The Inquirer of Saturday put forth an *on dit*, which we have not seen contradicted. It is to the effect that Mr. Jaudon, late of the United States Bank, is going out by the "Hibernia," to negotiate in some way with European holders of the Pennsylvania State Stocks, in relation to the public improvements and debt of the State, and with a view to place the whole matter in a position that shall be mutually advantageous to both the State and her creditors. It is said, also, that Mr. Jaudon's expedition is undertaken with the consent of Governor Porter.

LATER FROM CHINA.

By an arrival at New York, we have ten days later intelligence from China. Up to the 1st of February, the day of sailing from Canton, the English Plenipotentiary had been unable to arrange the terms of a commercial treaty with the Imperial Commissioner. There had been a disturbance at Whampoa, between some English smugglers, and a party of Chinese, in which five of the latter were killed. The English residents will find more and more certainly as their appearance increases, that the Chinese are not like the East Indians.

AN EXOTIC WORTH SEEING.

There is now to be seen in Mr. Thorburn's window, says the New York Commercial, a most curious specimen of cactus of the eight angled description (or mammilaria). It was received from one of the convent gardens near Montevideo, in South America, and presented to a gentleman of this city by one of the monks of the convent, who stated that its age can be traced to one hundred years, it having been that long time gradually developing itself under careful cultivation.

GOING AHEAD.

The Assessors of Cincinnati have recently taken a census of that city, and find its population to amount to nearly seventy-two thousand—in 1840 it was fifty two thousand. During the last year fifteen hundred buildings of various kinds have been erected. At this time there are fifty-two steamboats building, as has before been mentioned in this paper. Truly, Cincinnati will ably support her claim to the title of the Queen City.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judge Inglies, of New York has decided that in general a step-father is not bound to provide food and raiment for step children; and on that ground, he declared that the promise of a step son, a minor, to remunerate his step-father, was binding on the property of the son, when he became of age. This may be law, but if it is, it is the last discovered item in Pandora's box, and will cause infinite mischief and bickerings.

SINBAD COME AGAIN.

A French paper, quoting a letter from Bourg, says:—The great subject of conversation here is an eagle which a sportsman has just killed, as astonishing as the roc of the Arabian Night's Entertainments. In its stomach were found several diamonds and other jewels, small in size, but of a very fine water. Very. The French paper does not state how this bird was shot, but we presume it was with a long bow.

CORRECTION.

A man named Lefevre, convicted of an abominable crime, is spoken of as the *Rev.* It is proper, for the honor of the christian ministry, to state that said Lefevre was *deposed* more than eighteen months ago by the Eastern Association of New Haven county, Conn., and that due notice was given of the same in the leading religious journals. His credentials, therefore, if he had any, must have been forged.

A CURIOUS FACT.

By a singular coincidence, many of the crowned heads now living were born in the month of April. The Queen of the French was born on the 26th of April, 1782; the Queen of the Belgians on the 3d, 1812; Christina, Queen Dowager of Spain, on the 27th, 1806; the Emperor of Austria on the 19th, 1793; Donna Maria of Portugal on the 4th, 1819; the Sultan on the 19th, 1823.

TAKING A REST.

It is officially announced in the Texan papers that the Treasury of the Republic "is to be closed for sixty days, and that no payment will be made in that time." Now that is what may be called comfortable No beggarly pleading of poverty—no apologetic "I would if I could, but I can't," but a magnanimous "I shall not." It saves words certainly to proceed in such a manner.

YANKEE ENTERPRIZE.

The Bostonians are talking quite in earnest about extending one of their Northern lines of Railroad to Montreal, and as represented by their city government have passed resolutions highly in favor of the enterprise. In Canada the project is received with equal favor, and the undertaking if completed, will make Boston more than ever the seaport of the Canadas.

GOOD NEWS FOR THEIR FRIENDS.

The crew of the "Two Pollies," a missing vessel, from New York for Baltimore, were recently taken into Havre by the Christopher Colomb, from Charleston. They were taken off the wreck 130 leagues east of Cape Hatteras. No one but he who has had a friend thus restored from the dead can appreciate the joy of the friends of the survivors.

NAVAL EXAMINATION.

A Board of Naval Officers, for the examination of Midshipmen, is ordered to convene at the Naval Asylum in this city, on Monday next, the 22d inst. The Board consists of the following officers: Com. Read, Capts. Bolton, Percival, Page, and Gwinn.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The Virginia Congressional Delegates, as returned consists of eleven democrats, three whigs, and one eccentric—Henry A. Wise. It is said that two of the defeated candidates, Messrs. Gogger and Botts, will contest the election of their rivals.

ODD RACE.

A gentleman in Montreal, with two wooden legs, has sent a challenge to another friend in the same condition, to run a race, which has been accepted, and the race is to come off in a few days. This may certainly be called "stumping it."

A SHERIFF IN TROUBLE.

The sheriff of the city and county of New York is under arrest for having neglected, and still neglecting to pay over monies collected on legal processes. The amount so far stated is not large.

GARRETT D. WALL.

We regret to learn that Hon. Garrett D. Wall was attacked with palsy, at his residence, Burlington, N. J., on Sunday evening, and that his recovery is extremely doubtful.

General News.

The Warren (N. J.) Murder.—The Sussex Herald says, there is a rumor that the boy has recovered the perfect use of his reason and distinctly avows that one of the persons who was arrested on suspicion is the person he saw in his room on the night of the murder. This person is Auble, who according to the same report has been again arrested, and that Coleman and Hultzer have fled. More direct accounts confirm the report of the boy's recovery; but state that Coleman has been arrested the second time.

A Planked Road.—Among the novel movements of the day, may be classed a project recently set on foot for the construction of a plank road from Oswego to Rome, in New York, a distance of fifty-three miles. The Whig, published at Oswego, states that the route has already been surveyed, and the cost of construction, it is ascertained, will not exceed $150,000. Application will be made to the next Legislature for the chartering of a company to carry the project into execution.

Santa Fe Traders.—The Army and Navy Chronicle states that the permission asked of the Mexican Minister at Washington, to authorise the escort of U. S. dragoons, detailed by Col. Kearney for the protection of the expedition, to accompany the traders through the Mexican territory to Santa Fe, has been refused; and that instructions have been issued, prohibiting the United States troops, under any circumstances, from crossing the boundary line into Mexico.

Meteor.—At twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, a very large and beautiful meteor shot across the heavens over Montreal. Its course was due north, and accompanied by a whizzing sound, like the passage of a cannon shot. It was apparently about the size of a ten pound ball, gave great light, and left a fiery trail in its wake, like that of a rocket. The night was clear and frosty, and the sky thickly studded with stars. Several smaller ones were seen during the evening.

Right—but not enough.—In the Circuit Court of New York, last week, an action was brought by Mr. James Germond against Augustus Fletcher, for damages for the loss of his son's services, which he was deprived of for nearly five months in consequence of his having been bitten by defendant's dog, and also to recover the cost of doctors, and nursing his son while he was ill. The Jury rendered a verdict of $135 for the plaintiff.

☞ The Georgia Railroad, from Augusta southward, was partially opened in 1836, and completed last year. It is 148½ miles long. It has transported 138,478 passengers, 514,549 tons of freight, and 204,880 bales of cotton, and received in all $985,791; and the expenses have been $427,595: nett earnings $558,196: for the year ending April 1st, receipts $248,026; nett profits, $138,207.

Overflow of the Mississippi.—Sufficient indications of quite an overflow of the Mississippi, have manifested themselves to awaken apprehensions of alarm. At the last account the river was tolerably full, and still rising, at Natchez; at the same time there was a heavy rise further up, especially at St. Louis, and all the tributaries above Louisiana were reported to be rising rapidly.

Acquittal.—The trial of George W. Graham, a clerk in the post office at Winchester, (Va.) indicted for a misdemeanor, in purloining a package of notes of the Bank of the Valley, Virginia, remitted through the mail to that institution in October, 1841, by the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Baltimore, which has been in progress at Staunton, for several days, has resulted in his acquittal.

A Sentence and a Half.—The Delaware Republican states that "Uriah Henson was tried on Wednesday of last week, and found guilty of attacking Jacob Stanhope with intent to kill. The Judge sentenced him as follows:—1 hour in the pillory—130 lashes on the bare back—two years and six months imprisonment—thirty-seven years sold as a servant, and $12,000 fine."

Piratical.—The Norfolk Beacon says: "It is still thought that the vessel chased by the U. S. brig Boxer, off the Isle of Pines, is a pirate, and that she is no other than the missing Texian schooner of war San Antonio. The government should send the On-ka-hy-e, or the Wave, in search of her, as they are the kind of craft to overhaul a vessel of her description."

Conviction of Lefevre.—The Rev. Amos Lefevre was tried a few days since in Bradford county, Pa., charged with the seduction and ruin of Miss Woodburn. This, it will be remembered, is the painful case in which the father died of a broken heart, and the mother was reported to have lost her reason. The heartless villain was fully convicted.

The Encampment at Frederick.—The Frederick Herald states that thirteen companies, together with several field and staff officers from various quarters, have already signified their intention of joining Camp Frederick on the 6th of June next. All the tents and camp equipage belonging to the State have been engaged for the occasion.

Post Office Robbery.—A $500 check, which was sent from Philadelphia to Bangor by mail, was stolen from one of the post office boxes in the latter city. There is evidence that it reached Bangor. A young man named Moses Corson presented it at a broker's office in Portland, to be cashed on the 26th ult. He has been arrested.

Important Decision.—It is stated that at a recent trial in Dublin, damages to the amount of £10,000 were awarded against the defendant, in whose bonded warehouses the plaintiff had stored a large quantity of tea, which acquired a bad flavor there, by being left in a loft, beneath which a quantity of oranges were kept.

Florida Settlers.—At the Land Office at St. Augustine, up to the 1st inst., there had been granted eighty-eight permits to settlers on Public Lands under the armed occupation law, and there were eight or ten applications pending. These settlers have established themselves at Indian River, St. Lucia and Lake Worth.

The Western Bandits.—St. Louis papers of the 3d inst., state that the murderers of the Mexican trader (Charvis) are to be tried at a special term of the Court, as soon as the witnesses can be summoned for the purpose. Some of the witnesses are in Santa Fe. Two of those taken have turned state's evidence.

☞ The Baltimore Patriot, of Tuesday last, devotes several columns to a description of sundry extensive improvements which are being made in that already beautiful city. From it we learn that seventeen churches are now being built, or soon to be commenced.

☞ The Niagara Courier says, that the skeleton of a man, apparently young, was recently found near the whirlpool, not far from the margin of the great cataract. Near it was the barrel of a fowling piece. It is supposed to have lain there six or seven years.

☞ The peak of one of the Helderberg mountains, about 13 miles from Albany, is still capped with snow!

Timber.—The Editor of the Harrisburg Telegraph states that on Saturday last there was a continuous chain of rafts, in some places two or three abreast, lying along the east bank of the river, above and below that borough, a distance of *eighteen miles!*

New York Paying her Debts.—The Commissioners of the Erie Canal Sinking Fund advertise that they have money in hand to pay off the whole Erie Canal debt, due in 1845, and that they will pay off as fast as the holders will come and take the money.

☞ Seven indictments for forgery have been found by the Grand Jury of New Castle county, Del., against William Hemphill Jones. He has left the State. Mr. Jones was a candidate for Congress at the last election, and came within nine votes of being elected.

☞ The Governor of Maryland has refused to pardon Capt. Joseph Owens, who was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to confinement in the Penitentiary for seven years, at the April term of Anne Arundel County Court.

Murders in Europe.—The Boston Democrat says:—"This crime seems even more rife in Europe than here. Our eye glances over the details of six in one paper now before us, and most of them of the most aggravated character."

☞ A fire at Columbia, S. C., on the 9th inst., destroyed houses and property to the amount of $20,000. The houses were occupied by Gregory Kelly, James M'Andrews, Mr. Mills, Mr. M'Caffray, Mrs. Parr and Mr. Norton.

Sugar.—Nearly 200 tons of very good sugar, manufactured at the Sandwich Islands, arrived at New York last week, and it is said that sugar can be manufactured much cheaper there than by the West India planters.

☞ Mrs. Miller, whose abduction to Norfolk by her husband a short time since created such a sensation in New York, has brought a petition for a divorce from her husband before the Legislature of Connecticut.

☞ Counterfeit three dollar notes of the Union Bank of Maryland, are said to be in circulation; there is no such issue from the Bank. Look out for them. They are signed J. D. Day, Cashier, and W. Bishop, President.

New York and Erie Railroad.—The work on this road, it is said, is to be resumed. The Directors have hit upon a plan satisfactory to the creditors, for the settlement of the debts of the Company.

☞ The Richmond Compiler says that the Tobacco crop is likely to be materially curtailed by the very backward spring. In North Carolina the condition of the Tobacco crop is very discouraging.

☞ The Pittsburg Age states that the building of the iron steamship in that city is progressing rapidly and arrangements are making for commencing operations upon the revenue cutters contracted for.

☞ It is stated in the Canada papers, that the late Governor General is in a most dangerous and precarious state, his disease having assumed a more threatening aspect than at any former period.

Irish Emigrants.—It is stated in a St. Louis, Mo., paper that an Irish Company has brought a tract of land on the Wapsipicon river, and expect to send out 40,000 emigrants within two years.

☞ The island of Jamaica is this year infested with rats to the most extraordinary extent, and in some districts they are devouring the sugar canes like a swarm of locusts.

Ohio Stock.—A New York letter writer says that $600,000 of the Ohio 7 per cent. loan has been taken at par. This is all the commissioners are offering at present.

Apples.—The Newtown, (Pa.) Journal fears the crop of apples this year will be very light, as there are scarcely any blossoms on the trees in Bucks county.

☞ On Saturday, 130 Sturgeons were caught at one haul, in the Delaware near Gloucester Point This is going into the sturgeon now very strong.

Gold Mine.—A gold mine has been discovered on the waters of Middle Creek, in Raleigh Co., S. C., which promises an abundant yield.

☞ The Boston Daily Advertiser says:—"The Sharon, which cleared at this port on Saturday for London, takes out 80 tons of ice."

☞ The Picayune of the 6th inst., is bragging about having fresh cod-fish, halibut and lobsters, all the way from Boston.

☞ The amount of specie brought out by the Great Western exceeds one million six hundred thousand dollars.

☞ New Orleans has contributed to the relief of the sufferers of the Guadaloupe earthquake the sum of $4126.

☞ Sixty deaths by erisypelas have occurred since October last, in Rutland county, Vermont.

☞ The steamboat Amaranth recently left Galena with a freight of 13,000 pigs of lead.

☞ There is to be a General Peace Convention in London, on the 22d of June.

☞ Fifty printers have recently joined the temperance society at New Orleans.

Local Intelligence.

Musard Concerts.—The concerts *a la Musard*, at the Chesnut street Theatre, during the last week, were numerously attended by a fashionable and discriminating audience. The pit has been floored over, and painted to represent a tesselated marble pavement. The orchestra stands over the foot-lights, and behind it the stage is laid out for a promenade, with evergreens, statues, grottos, nymphs and fountains. Signor De Begnis has added much to the interest of the concerts, though the chief attraction, in the way of music, has been the very fine instrumental orchestra, some of whose overtures are performed in as masterly a style as we have ever heard. The first concert was on Saturday evening, and they have followed on each successive evening since, much to the gratification of the public, and, we hope, to the benefit of Miss Maywood, the lessee.

The City.—It is ascertained from official sources that, in the course of last month, 106 new buildings, of various kinds, have been commenced within the limits of the city, and there are about sixty to which additions or repairs were made. April, it will be recollected, is the month in which the bulk of the building for the summer commences, and this month furnishes the data by which the amount of improvement in the city proper, for the whole season, can be estimated. In the districts and incorporated Liberties there has been greater activity, generally.

Death of Ptolomeis.—Aldelbert Benedict Ptolomeis, the individual who attempted to assassinate Mayor Scott, died in his cell, in the County Prison, on Monday night. Ptolomeis, it will be remembered, subsequent to his imprisonment, made an attempt to take his own life by inflicting several wounds on his arms and feet. The hemorrhage consequent on this, and his refusal to take any nourishment, was the cause of his death.

Guardians of the Poor.—The following gentlemen were on Monday elected members of the Board of Guardians of the Poor, by the several Incorporated Districts of the County:—For the Northern Liberties, Alexander Brown; for Spring Garden, George Williams; for Southwark, Wm. G. Alexander; and Kensington, Wm. O. Kline, Esq.

Military Election.—The following is the result of the election held on Monday, for officers of the new regiment of Artillery, attached to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division P. M., commanded by Gen. George Cadwallader, to wit: *Colonel*—A. J. Pleasanton. *Lieut. Colonel*—John McAdam. *Major*—George Baum.

Villainous.—During or immediately after the parade of a militia regiment on Wednesday week, in Germantown, one of the captains, named George Waterhouse, was beset by a party of men, and assaulted so severely as to break three of his ribs and do some injury to his spine.

The New Artillery Regiment.—We understand that the new artillery regiment recently formed by Brigadier General Cadwalader (with the concurrence of the Colonels from whose Regiments the companies were taken) will parade on Monday, the 29th instant.

Improvement.—Green street has been extended out to Broad, near which street a row of comfortable dwellings are being put up. The whole district of Spring Garden is being rapidly improved by the erection of handsome and commodious buildings.

Fire.—A watchbox at the corner of Fourth and Arch streets, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning about four o'clock, in which the watchman's coat was consumed.

The Mayor.—Mayor Scott resumed his station upon the bench on Sunday last for the first time since the attempt to assassinate him.

Miscellaneous News.

The First Conviction under the Law.—Arthur Spring was convicted, on Wednesday, in the Quarter Sessions, of obtaining several pipes of brandy from the Messrs. [illegible] stout by false pretences, and he was sentenced to a fine of four hundred dollars, double the value of the brandy as found by the jury, and an imprisonment of one year. This is the first conviction of any importance under the law of false pretences in Pennsylvania.

Methodism in 1773.—The following are the number of Methodists in Society in 1773: New York, 180; Philadelphia, 180; New Jersey, 200; Maryland, 500; Virginia, 100. Total, 1160. In 1784 it was made the duty of the preachers who had any knowledge of singing by note, to improve it by learning to sing true themselves, and keeping close to Mr. Wesley's tunes and hymns.

A Splendid Bill of Fare.—The following is a bill of fare of a grand entertainment given at Hull, "down east:" Whale soup, pickerel pie, pohagin stew, coddled eels, roast grampus, powdered clams, lobster smash, cod crumpets, pickled sea serpent, halibut pudding, baked crocodile, deviled hippopotamus. A variety sufficient to satisfy the most inveterate gourmand.

☞ At Reading, Pa., on Friday last, a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Daniel Fix, was sent by her mother up to the garret to get a rope which had been used for a swing. In endeavoring to get it down she became entangled in it in such a manner as to deprive her of life. She was discovered some time after suspended by the rope perfectly lifeless.

☞ The New York Evening Post states that the vestry of Grace Church in that city have purchased six lots on the east side of Broadway, just above Tenth street; the price of the lots was $40,000. It is the intention of the society to erect a beautiful church upon these lots.

Western Subscribers.—A Louisville paper says:—"We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a fine horse from nineteen new subscribers at Browling-Green, Illinois, in payment of their first year's subscription."

☞ The last advices from Syria, state that the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem has obtained from the authorities of Beyrout, permission to go on with the building of the church he had commenced in the Holy city.

☞ The Cheshire, N. H., Republican says that at Walpole, in that State, on the 5th ult., a house occupied by Bracley Britton, was so buried in snow, that the owner walked over the roof on the top of the snow.

☞ The City Council of Boston has determined to celebrate the coming Fourth of July, by a procession in the day and music and fireworks in the evening. $2500 have been appropriated for these objects.

☞ The Hibernia sailed from Boston on Tuesday with fifty passengers for Liverpool. Her mail contains 14,000 letters, and some seventy bushels of newspapers and magazines.

☞ According to the Journal about *one thousand persons* have been received, within a few months, in the several Churches of the Elizabethtown, N. J., Presbytery.

☞ The Monumental Church in Baltimore (Protestant Episcopal) have purchased a site opposite the shot tower, for a new church.

Notices of the Dead.

Judge McClure.—We mentioned last week the death of Judge McClure, in Mifflin township, at the age of 103. Up to the time of his death, he was in full possession of his mental faculties. In September, 1839, upon his centennial anniversary, he mounted his horse, a bold, spirited one, and rode to Wheeling, a distance of 60 miles, to celebrate the event with some old friends.

He was one of the finest representatives of the olden time, and of the Pioneers of the West, among whom he was ever distinguished for the hilarity of his disposition, the boldness of his hand, and liberal hospitality. He was one of the finest horsemen of his day, and indulged largely, even to the last year of his life, in his fondness of the chase, in which there were few, even then, who had the hardihood to follow him. He was a devout Christian, and a kind and obliging neighbor. We may further add here, and upon good authority, that *he never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in his life.*

Revolutionary Soldier Dead.—On Tuesday, May 2d, Mr. Daniel Howe, died in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, from being gored by a bull. Mr. Howe was a revolutionary soldier—he enlisted at the age of sixteen, as a drummer boy, forsaking home and friends, (which he never saw afterwards) for the sake of his country. He was a native of Maryland, and at the time of his death, 84 years of age; he had resided on the farm where he was killed for upwards of 45 years, and has sustained the character of an estimable and worthy citizen, and has left many friends to mourn his loss.

Death of a Judge.—The Hon. J. M. Robinson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois, late a Senator in Congress, from that State, died at Ottawa on the 27th ult., in the 50th year of his age. The Governor of Illinois has appointed the Hon. John D. Caton, of La Salle county, to be Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, in place of Judge Robinson. An early appointment was rendered necessary to prevent the stated terms of the Courts in that Circuit from lapsing.

☞ The Rev. John B. Patterson, of Danville, Pa., died on Tuesday last. He was Pastor of the Presbyterian Church there for a long period. Mr. Patterson was in his 71st year, and his long life was remarkable for purity and usefulness.

☞ Col. Colley L. Foster, Assistant Adjutant General in the British Army, for the Western section of the province, died at Kingston, Canada, on the 10th inst.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments.—It is said that the President will soon make the following appointments, to fill vacancies; Mr. Upshur, of Virginia, Minister to France; R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, to be Secretary of the Navy; Dr. Mallory, to be Charge des Affaires at Constantinople.

United States Senate.—The next Senate stands twenty-six Whigs, including as such, Mr. Rives, and twenty-three Democrats, with three vacancies, two from Tennessee, and one from Maryland.

☞ The Democrats of South Carolina are to hold a State Convention on the 22d instant, at which a nomination for the Presidency will be made. John C. Calhoun, of course, will be the nominee.

A Report.—It is reported that James S. Green, of Princeton, N. J., has been selected by President Tyler for Attorney General of the United States.

☞ Mr. Hickman James has been dismissed from the office of Postmaster of Westchester, Pa., and Mr. John McGinly appointed in his place.

☞ William J. Brown of Indianapolis is the Democratic candidate for Congress from the 5th District of Indiana.

☞ It is officially announced that Caleb Cushing is appointed to China.

Army & Navy.

U. S. Steamer Union.—The Army and Navy Chronicle states, that Lieut. Hunter, commanding the steamer Union, has been directed to visit all the accessible ports along our seacoast, to allow as many of our citizens as possible an opportunity of examining his vessel and her peculiar mode of construction. What course, whether North or South, he will first take, is not known; but wherever he goes, he will no doubt be cordially welcomed.

☞ The New York American, states that orders have been received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to break up the first class line-of-battle ship Washington, as her timbers have been found to be too much decayed to admit of repair.

☞ A Naval Library and Institute has been organized at the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard. The Commandant of the Yard, Captain Nicholson is at the head of it. The Library contains upwards of six hundred volumes.

Gen. Gratiot.—The St. Louis Organ of the 3d inst. says—"Gen. Gratiot's trial closed on Saturday. The Jury, under the instructions of the Court, gave a verdict in favor of the United States, for about $30,000."

☞ The naval court martial at Norfolk, on the case of Capt. Ramsey, has closed its labors, and forwarded to Washington its decision.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.
Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.
☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—
Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.
SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson, for Kentucky.
HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.
JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.
ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

The Kingdom of Christ; or, Hints respecting the Principles, Constitution, and Ordinances of the Catholic Church—By Frederic Denison Maurice, M. A. Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, and Professor of English Literature and History in King's College, London—New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—This is another volume of the octavo series of Theological works published by the Messrs. Appleton; and in getting up corresponds with its elegant fellows. The contents are not of a character to be digested at a cursory, or even at one attentive perusal; for no person interested at all in the subject, can read with less mental labor than the author composes, or with less application than he must have brought to the collection and arrangement of his facts and arguments. His dedication to Rev. Derwent Coleridge, is an essay which the admirers of the Coleridge, to a criterion upon whose theological hints and thoughts it is devoted, cannot pass without a careful perusal.

The volume is divided into three Parts; the first treating of the Principles of the Friends or Quakers, and of the different religious bodies which have arisen since the Reformation, and of the systems to which they have given birth. Indeed the work was, in its original shape, a series of Letters addressed to a member of the Society of Friends, suggested by a controversy which was dividing the Society. The main object of the letters, was "to inquire whether an acknowledgment of the spiritual principles, which were professed by the Society of Friends involved the rejection of Christian ordinances, or whether one did not necessarily imply the other." Many collateral points are of course involved and treated in the first part. But under the hand of the writer, the work extended, as before remarked, to parts second and third, the former treating "Of the Catholic Church and the Romish System," the latter, of "The English Church and the Systems which divide it." It is impossible, in the limits of a newspaper notice, to glance even at the heads of the various topics, historical, metaphysical, traditional, and theological, which are cited, or treated in the book. Suffice it to say, that in clerical erudition, close and analytical habits of thought, and wide citation of authorities the writer is unsurpassed; while at the same time his style is free from those harassing inversions, and his argument from those puzzling subtleties and hair-splittings, which mark many of the old theological writers. Indeed we cannot think of a better book than this for the student, who would get a clear view of the "old masters" in theology, after having made his head ache over the ancient treatises, than this; for its scope includes some treatment, either brief or more extended, of almost every matter which has come up for discussion among old schoolmen and modern sectarists.

The author's own opinions we shall not be expected to endorse or to condemn. It is enough, in our character as the editor of a secular periodical, that we have spoken upon the work on its literary merits; under which head it must be pronounced one of the most remarkable and able works which have appeared for many years. No theologian—certainly none of the Protestant Episcopal Church, should pass the volume without perusal; for if there be points in which the writer differs from the reader, they will not be found among the "weightier matters of the land." It will teach habits of analysis, to the mere logician—refresh the student in Church history—and aid the general reader in the comparison of sects and their opinions; and in fine prove an exceedingly valuable and welcome addition to English Theological literature.

Narrative of Travels through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia and Mesopotamia, By the Rev. Horatio Southgate.—This is a new and cheap edition of the narrative of a Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, prefaced with an introduction, which developes the principal characteristics and effects of modern Mohomedanism. The narrative contains a great deal of curious information upon countries visited, and is of a character and interest which commend it to all admirers of adventure, aside from its higher end and motive. It is embellished with steel plates and a map.

History of the Emperor Napoleon. From the French of M. Laurent de L'Ardeche. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—This is a pictorial work, having over five hundred illustrations, after designs by Horace Vernet. It is published in four parts, the third of which lies before us; and is a most excellent companion for English histories of Napoleon. A fair opinion of a man can be obtained only by comparing the testimony of different minds, affected by opposite prejudices. Mechanically this is a beautiful book, and it is written in a spirited and attractive style.

Alison's History of Europe, No. 9. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, W. H. Graham, Zieber & Co.—This number of Alison commences the third volume, and brings the history down to the end of the campaign of 1808, in Spain and Portugal. As pertaining to the history of England, Wellington's first campaign in India is also treated of, and a general but brief history given of the commencement and use of the British power in India. Altogether, it is an exceedingly interesting number.

The Home, or Family Cares and Family Joys, By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, Zieber & Co. and W. H. Graham. This is a truly charming book, and quite as much a favorite already as the Neighbors, by the same author. It is one of those works which you can unhesitatingly commend—having the double endorsement of Miss Bremer and of Miss Howitt for its purity and excellence.

The Child of the Wreck. By Harry Stevens, Zieber & Co. This is a tale of a higher order of merit than we usually find among anonymous writers. The author describes sea scenes like an adept, and on shore convinces you also that he is no "green hand" on the ocean of life. There are passages in it equal to many of Cooper's, on sea or ashore, and while it is exceedingly interesting, it is likewise of a good moral tendency.

The Encyclopædia of Geography, By Hugh Murray, F. E. S. E., and revised by Thomas G. Bradford. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, and W. H. Graham.—The seventh number of this work is out, making nearly one third of the whole. Complete, the work will embrace nearly 2000 pages, with eleven hundred engravings, and over eighty maps. It is published semi-monthly, and is one of the most valuable of the serials.

Apocalyptical Key. Under this general title, J. M. Campbell & Co. have published in a cheap form, a work, the particular title of which sets forth that it is a sermon by Robert Fleming, first published in 1701. In it the decline of "Papacy" is confidently predicted, the fate of surrounding nations, the destruction of Mohammedanism, the calling in of the Jews, the restoration and consummation of all things, &c.

John Tyler—His History, Character, and Position—With a Portrait—New York: Harper & Brothers.—Capt. Tyler looks very well in the portrait, and, it must be acknowledged on the letter press too; and no "enemy hath done this." Whether he may find occasion to exclaim "save me from my friends!" is to be resolved by future History—this does not go down far enough to answer that question.

The H—— Family. By Frederika Bremer. Boston: Munroe & Company. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. This is a bound edition of a work which we have already noticed in the pamphlet style. It is the Boston translation, and is rendered with fidelity and simplicity. Other of Miss Bremer's works, by the same translator, are announced by the same house.

Miss Leslie's Magazine, for May, contains a continuation of her story "Orphelina," and a new chapter of Mr. Arthur's "Cecilia Howard," the young lady who had finished her education. There are articles in the number from many pens, and of various character, and among the embellishments an amusing metamorphosis of a rustic maid into a city belle.

The Life of the Rev. T. T. Thomason, M. A. By the Rev. J. Sargeant.—This is a cheap edition of the life of a good man—an earnest and sincere Christian, and an active and able minister. Beside its claims on the attention of the serious as such a biography, it embodies much important information concerning Hindostan and the regions of Eastern Asia.

The New Mirror.—Colon has sent us Gen. Morris's new paper, and the last number is particularly worth admiration. A sketch from it will be found in this day's paper. For the rest the work challenges admiration. To Mr. Colon, we are also indebted for the Rover, Pierian, Phrenological Journal, and other periodicals.

A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan, By Lady Sale. Zieber & Co., W. H. Graham and Perkins & Purves. This work has run through two or three editions in England already; the intensely interesting character of the events to which it relates procuring it a rapid sale.

The University Magazine, for April and May. This work is conducted by a committee of the Philomathean and Zelosophic Societies of the University of Pennsylvania. This double number has a good variety of articles, the greater part of which are creditable to the conductors.

Melanthe; or, the Days of the Medici.—Zieber & Co. and W. H. Graham. This is a very interesting novel, by Mrs. Maberly, author of the "Grand Vizier's Daughter," which is also having its run.

☞ Martin Chuzzlewit, the last part of which has reached this country, is for sale at Zieber and Co's. So also is Blackwood for May, the cheap edition—and the London Lancet, as far as issued.

The Secretary. A Play, in Five Acts. Zieber & Co. When we have said that this is Sheridan Knowles's last, enough is said to sell the edition. Knowles's dramas always read well.

Religious Intelligence.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America—old school—assembled in the Central church, Phila., on Thursday morning, the 18th May. Dr. Edgar, of Nashville, Moderator of last assembly, preached the opening discourse. The new school assembly assembled in the First church on the same day, and the sermon was preached by Dr. Wisner. The early hour at which we are compelled to go to press prevents a report this week.

YEARLY MEETING.

The Yearly Meeting of the Friends, (Hicksite) commenced its sittings in this city on Monday last, the males in the Meeting-house in Green, corner of Fourth, the females in Cherry street. They were here in goodly numbers; and nobody seems to have a more legitimate right to the State and city than the denomination of Friends. As citizens they are among the most estimable of our countrymen; as religionists among the most sincere.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania met in St. Andrews' Church, south Eighth street, on Tuesday afternoon, at 6 o'clock, the Right Rev. U. Onderdonk, Bishop of the Diocese and ex officio President of the Convention, in the Chair. After the Convention was called to order, the Secretary, G. M. Wharton, Esq., proceeded to call the list of Clergy, and afterwards read the certificates of the Lay Delegates appointed. The attendance appeared to be unusually large. The Convention being organized, a communication from the present Secretary was read, declining a re-nomination. The Rev. H. J. Morton, of this city, was then unanimously elected to that office. The sessions of the Convention were fixed at from 9 to 2, and from 5 to 7 daily. A list of the Clergy absent from last Convention was then read, and the Convention adjourned till Wednesday.

On Thursday the Convention re-assembled at ten o'clock. St. Andrew's Church was filled on the occasion, and the full morning service was performed, being read by the Rev. Mr. Colton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Norris. The Collect used was that of the Fourth Sunday after Easter, and appropriate psalms and hymns were sung. The Ante-Communion having been read by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, that prelate ascended the pulpit and delivered his Charge to the Clergy.

The subject of the Charge, which was remarkably clear, argumentative and sound, was—Public Worship, and the Use of the Liturgy. The Bishop traced back to the earliest ages of Christianity, the use of forms of prayer and worship, as well as to the service of the Temple at Jerusalem, upon which service of the one True God, the forms of worship in the early Christian Church had been in some measure engrafted; and supported the use of written forms of Prayer, by quotations from the Sacred volume.

He next proceeded to notice on the one hand the customs of the Roman Church, against which the Episcopal Church protested, and against which the Liturgy was intended to guard; and on the other hand he spoke at some length upon the love of extemporaneous prayer and service, as well as of preaching, that was, as an adoption, he thought, from other Christian communities which formed the majority in this country, finding its way into the Church. While much of his charge was particularly adapted to the church with which he is connected, it was marked with great Christian forbearance toward other denominations, and many of his suggestions are worthy of the attention of all Christians.

Near the close of the charge, the Bishop emphatically pointed out as an error, the desire of many in going to church to hear some eloquent preacher or sermon, as a MAIN OBJECT object. The great object in the first place was to worship God in spirit and in truth, to pray to Him for His Holy Spirit, guidance and support, and to praise Him for the blessings we enjoy and for all His mercies. The sermon should be considered a matter of instruction—well worthy of our utmost attention, but still not the chief object—which was the worship of the Most High.

After the delivery of the charge the communion was administered. One thousand additional copies of the charge were ordered printed. The results of the election were not announced on Wednesday evening.

EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

On Monday afternoon the Sunday School children attached to the different Episcopal Churches in the city and districts, assembled in large numbers at the following churches, no one church being sufficiently large and central to accommodate the whole with their teachers. Each school was preceded by the rector of the church with which it was connected.

The schools of the Churches of Saint James, Saint Stephen, Grace, Saint Andrew, Saint Phillip, Saint Timothy and Saint Matthews, (Francisville,) assembled in Saint Stephen's Church.

The schools of the Churches of All Saints, Saint Mark, Ascension, Evangelists, Epiphany, Messiah, and Saint Luke, assembled in the Church of the Ascension.

The schools of the Churches of Christ, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Gloria Dei, Trinity, Saint John, Advent and Immanuel, assembled in Saint Paul's Church.

At each of the three churches above mentioned appropriate discourses were preached to the children, the evening services were read, and the 123d psalm and the 113th hymn of the selection used in Episcopal churches were sung by the whole juvenile congregation. The day, though warm, was propitious, and the occasion was one which will exert an influence for good over the future lives of very many of the children—shall we not hope over all?

The Episcopal Sunday School Union of the State of Pennsylvania celebrated their aniversary on Tuesday evening, at St. Andrew's Church. The Bishop White Prayer Book Society held their anniversary at the same place on Wednesday evening.

ROMAN CATHOLIC COUNCIL.

The following particulars of the meeting of Bishops, Clergy, &c., of the Roman Catholic Church, are given in the Baltimore Sun of Wednesday:

The fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore, was opened on Sunday last, the 14th instant, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in the Metropolitan Church, in this city. The Right Rev. prelates and other clergy moved in procession from the Archiepiscopal residence, along the south side of the church, to the front entrance, and advanced through the nave to the sanctuary, where all occupied their respective places. At the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, celebrated the pontifical high mass, assisted by the Very Rev. Messrs. Raymond and Pay. The Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, preached on the occasion. Immediately after the sermon, the Council was opened according to the form prescribed in the Roman pontifical, the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore, presiding; and the other Bishops, fifteen in number, being ranged on either side of the sanctuary. Between thirty and forty priests, vested in chasubles, were present.

The following gentlemen were appointed officers of the Council:—The Right Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, and the Right Rev. Dr. Chanche, Bishop of Natchez, Promoters. Rev. Edward Damphoux, D. D. and Rev. Charles I. White, Secretaries. Rev. Francis L'homme, Master of Ceremonies; and Messrs. Thomas Folley and Oliver Jenkins, Assistants. Rev. Wm. Blenkinsop and Mr. T. H. Parsons, Chanters.

NEW YORK ANNIVERSARIES.

In our last we glanced at the proceedings at a few of the Religious Anniversaries in New York. We continue the notice, by giving some of the most interesting facts connected with the proceedings.

The American Tract Society celebrated its anniversary on Wednesday of last week, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen in the chair. The total receipts for the past year were $96,240, exceeding the disbursements by $1190. Of the money received from branches and auxiliaries, Boston has contributed $2799, New York $2317, Philadelphia $1523, New Haven and Providence and Richmond $1000 each, Charleston $800, Norfolk $500, Cincinnati $450, Hartford $434, Savannah $250, Brooklyn $234 and North Carolina $117.

The deaths of the Rev. Dr. Proudfit, Rev. Alex. V. Griswold, Hon. Peter A. Jay, Rev. Mr. Ewing and Rev. John Steele, all of them connected in some way with the operations of the Society, were mentioned in appropriate terms. The Society has added to its list 54 new publications during the year, and the whole number now contained is 1069, including 158 volumes. Of the Messenger, the organ of the Society 10,000 copies are circulated. The whole number of pages circulated by the Society is about eighty millions, and the whole number circulated during the 18 years of the Society's existence is 1,300,000,000. The Society has made 641 distinct grants, mainly in the United States.

The New York Institution for the Blind, had its exhibition on the same day. The exercises commenced with music by a Band composed of the Pupils; after which some of the younger children were examined in reading. Some who were but eight years old and had been at school only ten or twelve months, were able to read the Scriptures very readily; among these were two very interesting children from China, brought from that country by Mrs. Gutzlaff, the lady of the distinguished American Missionary to that country. These little children not only read well, but sung delightfully.

The Home Missionary Society celebrated its anniversary in the evening. The receipts for the year have been $100,801, leaving a balance undisbursed of $2589 in the Treasury. The amount pledged for the coming year, and the debts of the Society amount to about $50,000.

The number of ministers in the employment of the Society, during the year, has been 848. Of these 225 have been appointed this year. The whole amount of labor performed is 657 years. During a greater or less portion of the year, the Gospel has been preached by the missionaries to 1047 congregations and missionary districts. These laborers have been distributed in twenty-four States and Territories of the Union, and in Canada and Texas. The Society has had in commission 57 more missionaries than in any other year of its existence. These have labored in 60 more fields, and 63 years of labor have been performed more than in the twelve previous months; 64 more laborers than in any former year, have been stationed in the great valley of the West.

The number of pupils in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes is not far from 68,400. The impulse communicated to the cause of Temperance during the previous year has extended its influence into the last. The number of persons pledged in the communities connected with the missions, is not far from 146,000.

The Committee states that the presence of the Saviour with his missionary servants, and his blessing on their labors, has not been so signal in any year since the revivals of 1831 and '32. 233 of the churches have shared in these effusions, and 6858 souls have been hopefully born again during the year, in connection with the ministry of this Society. The number added to the churches on profession of their faith is about 5853; by letters from other churches 2370—in all, 8223. This number is 2709 more than the additions of the previous year.

On Thursday, the American Bible Society celebrated its Twenty-seventh Anniversary. The receipts for the past year amount to $126,448 77, being $7908 31 less than those of the preceding year. This diminution is attributable in part to the greater amount of legacies the former year. Twenty-six life directors, and 449 life members have been added during the year; and 59 new auxiliary societies added. There have been printed of English Bibles, 92,000; English Testaments, 120,000; French do. 8000; German do. 4000; Modern Greek do. 4000. This does not include what has been printed abroad at the Society's expense.

The whole number of Bibles and Testaments issued in course of the year has been 215,605 copies, in nineteen different tongues, making a total of 3,068,370 since the organization of the Society. These books have gone mostly, not to the rich and well supplied, but to the needy throughout our States and Territories—to seamen, boatmen, emigrants—to prisons, hospitals, &c.—most of which cases would not have been met but for this organization. One hundred and sixty copies of rare Bibles and other works have been added to the Library during the year. Thirteen agents have been employed during the entire year. Grants of books have been made for Texas, Canada, Hayti, Cuba, Honduras, Rio Grande, Buenos Ayres and Santa Cruz. To the latter place have been sent 500 Bibles and 1000 Testaments, at the request of Rev. Dr. McElroy, of New York. These books are for young slaves in part, who are required by law to attend school for four years from their fifth year, and in part for adults who attend Sunday Schools.

English Bibles have been sent on request to Lodiana, North India, and to Ceylon, South India, for the use of native pupils, who have learned, or are learning, the English tongue. The grants of money have amounted in all to about $18,000;—namely, to the Levant, including Greece, Syria, &c., $500; France and Switzerland, $700; Russia, $1000; Madeira, $500; Ceylon, $2000; Northern India, $3000; Madras, $3000, &c.

The American Temperance Union celebrated its seventh anniversary in the evening. During the year there have been circulated 7000 journals, 25,000 Youth's Advocates, 5000 copies of reports, 20,000 almanacs, 4000 hymn books, and a large number of Dr. Sewall's plates. Many interesting speeches were made, but we can find room only for the following passage:

Rev. John Marsh said he was very glad that "Father Beecher," of Ohio, was present—one who had labored for nearly half a century in this great cause, and whom he was sure the meeting would be glad to hear. He trusted he would speak at least a few words, or at least give us his blessing before he should depart from this scene of his most useful labors, and go to receive the rewards of a faithful servant.

Dr. Beecher said that as far back as 1812 God had put it into his heart to feel for the woes of the drunkard, and for the welfare of the nation. Every body, old and young, male and female, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, then was in the habit of drinking. In 1811, said he, I attended an Ordination, and there was the sideboard covered with bottles and decanters, and all kinds of spirituous liquors. Soon after I attended another, and witnessed the same exhibition. I then took a solemn oath to God, that I would never attend another Ordination where the table of the grog-shop, with its slops and sugar, was exhibited close beside the altar of the Most High. The next year I attended the General Association of Connecticut; and I inquired of them what could be done to put a stop to the fearful progress of intemperance. A committee was appointed and brought in a report, in which they stated that they had given the subject their most prayerful attention; that they were well aware of the fearful ravages of this evil, but that they had made calm inquiry and found that nothing could be done.

I immediately rose and moved that a Committee be appointed to report upon the spot a plan to arrest this deadly evil. The Committee was appointed, and reported a resolution which was adopted, in which the General Association of Connecticut recommended the total disuse of ardent spirits. It went like an electric shock through the land; and from that time to this the Temperance wave has rolled onward over all the land. It is therefore now nearly 40 years that I have been permitted to plead the cause of Temperance. As I look around upon this audience and remember that the gentlemen who introduced me to you called me 'Father,' I begin to be somewhat alarmed, for I certainly never expected in my day to have such a family of children!—(Laughter.) But I understand you don't expect any division of my patrimony—but only ask my blessing. Well, my children, God bless you!—And may He, through the blood of Christ, make you perfect and abounding in all good works. Let me say to every one of you, never violate your pledge of total abstinence. Touch not, taste not, handle not: and when death shall close the scene may you be all received into the glorious kingdom of God above!

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held their meeting on Friday. The Board have 26 missions at 87 stations, with 133 missionaries and 117 native helpers; making a total of 469 missionary laborers. They have 17 printing establishments, and works have been printed in 32 languages spoken by more than 450,000,000 of people. They have 618 free schools, instructing 27,000 pupils, and eight seminaries with 1100 pupils, and 60 churches, including 23,000 members. The report, which will of course be officially published contains a vast amount of very interesting matter, which it is impossible to condense into any thing like the limits to which we are restricted. And, in the speeches and proceedings of the various societies, participated in as they were by eminent clergymen from all parts of the country, there is very much that we should be glad to transcribe, were it possible.

Confirmations.—We learn from the Banner of the Cross, that on Sunday the 7th instant, in the morning, Bishop Onderdonk confirmed nine persons in All Saints Church; and in the afternoon, in St. Luke's Church, thirty-five persons, of whom two were from St. Paul's Church. The above complete the Bishop's annual Confirmations in Philadelphia. They have been held in twenty-two churches, and the holy rite has been administered to seven hundred and forty persons.

☞ The corner stone of the spacious Methodist Episcopal Church about to be erected at the North-east corner of Charles and Fayette streets, Baltimore, was laid on Tuesday of last week. The services on the occasion were conducted by the Rev. Bishop Waugh, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Hamilton and other ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Installation.—The Rev. Daniel Duerville will be installed on Sunday afternoon next as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at South Trenton, N. J. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Rice, of Princeton, and the charges delivered by the Rev. Eli F. Cooley, and the Rev. John Hall.

Baptism.—Fourteen persons were baptised in the Delaware on Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Young, pastor of the South Trenton, N. J., Baptist Church. The ceremony was witnessed by a large concourse of persons.

☞ It is said that the Rev. Dr. E. Stiles Ely has received and accepted a call to the pastorship of the Second Presbyterian Church of Washington.

☞ The First Baptist Free Church in Boston have declined the offer of the directors of the Tremont Theatre, to sell the house and land to that society for fifty thousand dollars.

☞ In 1791 there were 24 churches of all denominations in this city; there are at the present time 105.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE WESTERN.

TEN DAYS LATER.

Since our last, the arrival of the Great Western, at New York, has given us foreign dates ten days later, being from Bristol to the 1st instant. The news is of a pleasant but not of an important character. There was no change in cotton, but the poorest grades of American are a shade lower, if any thing. Advices from this country of the prospect of the new crop are anxiously awaited. Grain and bread-stuffs hardly maintain their price. The money market is quiet, and money abundant. Business is improving in the manufacturing districts.

The leading item of Court news is the birth of another Princess, which took place on the morning of April 25th. The usual formalities to which royalty is subject at such times; painful to female delicacy, but as necessary as pompously indelicate, were of course observed. The humblest farmer's daughter in the land has the advantage of England's Queen in this particular; for no perpetuated custom of a barbarous age, compels her to summon witnesses to prove that a false birth has not been imposed by her upon those interested in the event.

The Duke of Sussex died on the 21st of April. For half a century he had been a decided Whig, and a pillar of the Liberal cause in the House of Lords. He was greatly beloved by the Queen, who feels his loss deeply. He was at the head of the Masonic Fraternity in England.

Richard Arkwright, the richest commoner in Europe, died on the 23d. He was the son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor. He has lived in princely state for many years, and is supposed to have been the largest holder of British stocks in the world.

The great steamship "Great Britain" is to be launched at Bristol, in June.

This last passage of the Great Western—made in twelve and a half days, is the shortest passage across the Atlantic, hitherward, on record.

There is nothing of much interest in the Parliamentary proceedings. Two addresses to the Queen had passed, one of congratulation on the birth of her daughter, and one of condolence, on the death of her uncle. The attempt to conclude a commercial treaty with Brazil had failed, England demanding more than Brazil would concede. The same result had attended the negociation with Portugal.

In relation to the Right of Visit, Mr. Webster's despatch to Mr. Everett, of the 28th of March, was published in the London papers of April 27th. The English presses seem to consider the question now to stand thus: The British Government, while it will not formally relinquish its Right of Visit, will forbear to exercise it; and the American Government, while it will not concede the right claimed by Great Britain, will take good care not to allow Great Britain any pretext for its attempted exercise.

Mrs. Wood, the vocalist, has not returned to her husband, but taken a small cottage in which she intends to devote her remaining years to religious offices and meditations. She cannot return to Mr. Wood, the Catholic Church still deeming her the wife of Lord Wm. Lenox; and for the same reason she cannot be accepted as a nun.

On the subject of emigration we find some stir, both in the British isles and on the continent. About four hundred emigrants have recently left Aberdeen, for this country.

It is stated in the Madgeburg Journal, that twenty-four German Princes have united in the purchase of a tract in Texas. The humane object of this undertaking is to enable the shareholders to procure for their subjects who emigrate, a sure means of subsistence in America.

Continental.

France.—The Ministry stands firm, and has credits (appropriations) voted for the year's service. A Council of State was about to deliberate on the amnesty to political offenders, which was expected to be granted on the occasion of the King's fete. The Toulon journals state that Ibrahim Pacha, the son of Mehemet Ali, was about to visit that port, his object being to examine the arsenals, dock yards and ports of France.

A project has been brought forward in France, for the gradual removal of slavery in its colonies. The process is to occupy fifteen years; during the first ten of which, the slaves are to enjoy certain civil rights, and especially that of personal property and the privilege of purchasing freedom; but they can only assert those rights in the law courts by means of a patron or "curator;" in the next five years is to be instituted a kind of villenage, or apprenticeship.

One hundred thousand francs would be realised by the Fancy Fair, in Paris, for the relief of Guadaloupe.

Spain.—The new Cortes is not yet organized. It is doubtful whether the Espartero or the opposition will have the majority. The question of the prolongation of the minority of the Queen was beginning to be agitated. The Castellano contains a letter from Saragossa, of the 12th, stating that the Ayuntamiento and national militia of that city intended to present a petition in favor of that project to the Cortes.

Dates to the 5th of March, had been received from India. There is very little intelligence in them. The successor of the late Maharajah, of Gualior, was to be installed on the 20th ultimo, and no opposition to his accession was to be apprehended. Lord Ellenborough was still at Agra, whither he had proceeded from Delhi on receipt of the intelligence of the late Maharjah's decease. No news of a later date than that received by the ordinary mail had been received in Calcutta, either from Scinde or Cabul.

Latest Fashions.

The newest and most fashionable material of the season is the cameleon silk, deriving its name from the ever-varying shades it assumes in different lights; this and taffetas nacre, Pekin Bengal, Ecossais glacé, bareges of many styles, foulards, mousselines, cachemire, &c., are now replacing the thicker materials of winter; all shades of grey and violet are fashionable. Buttons are much used in redingotes and robes of demi neglige; they are made of colored glass, agate, stones, &c., having a gold point in the centre, and are of a round form. Black lace is almost an indispensable accompaniment of every toilette; camails are of lace, scarfs of lace, flounces of lace, &c. &c. Point de Venise is also much in demand, and is made in every color; and the patterns are either antique, renaissance, or pompadour; it is also made in black and white for shawls, or scarfs of cachemire or barege.

Dresses continue to be made unreasonably long, particularly behind; the trimmings are two very deep flounces with ruche, two tucks, or two bias placed in a lengthened wave; the bodies continue high and tight, but many have full backs, or a little fullness on the shoulders, and the ceinture is not excluded; the pelerine is a little changed in form, concealing less of the figure; the sleeves are still tight, but those a la Louis XIII. have many admirers, and it is expected will become more general as the season advances. For evening dresses, gauze or linen, forming double skirts in two colors, the one pink, the other lilac, are much admired, producing the effect so much approved of the cameleon silk; the same style is also applied to bonnets of gaze lisse; it produces the opal tints.

Mantilles of black filet, with trimmings of the same, will be very fashionable this season; also the manteau Venitiene in black or white, lined with lilac or pink silk; scarfs of glace silk are hollowed out at the throat, and trimmed a la grandemere. Crispins and camails of tarlatane over silk, are made with four rows of lace and embroidery; the various styles of mantelet all form pelerine behind, and the ends are rounded; they are trimmed with a ribbon a la vieille; trimmings of ribbon quilled, and bands of silk decoupees in festons, are much in use. Bonnets are made inclining more over the face, and not quite so deep at the ears, and the crowns are not so low behind, but rather expose the hair; the more simple for morning wear are trimmed with plain ribbons.

Capotes a coulisses are not much ornamented, and some are made of straw with silk crowns, with merely a noeud, and long ends at the side; the chou is sometimes of plain net. White satin bonnets are covered with lace, and ornamented with a long white feather; the Penelope bonnet is the newest style, and capotes a la Madonne with long veils of tulle. Leghorns, whether plain or sewed, are now in favor, and vary in form and trimming according to the use required. Bonnets of etoffe sylphide are made rather close, with a narrow bouillonne of tulle, and bunch of lilac or fleur de cedras; pailles de riz mixed with silk form pretty capotes, with sprigs of May and feather leaves, or wreaths of aubepine.—*London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*

Sand's Sarsaparilla.—The removal of suffering has been the object of the philanthropist in every age of the world, but the true principles of treating disease progressed but slowly for many thousand years, owing to the limited means of acquiring knowledge; but since the introduction of the printing press and steam engine, it may literally be said, "light has dawned upon the world," and the man of the nineteenth century possesses advantages which his forefathers never did. In this general diffusion of knowledge, remedies have been sought after and discovered in the beautiful storehouse of the vegetable creation exactly calculated to combine with, neutralize and dispel the subtle poison which diffuses itself throughout the general system and prostrates man in the dust. Sand's Sarsaparilla, a purely vegetable preparation, has been thoroughly tested in a variety of diseases, and is from experience known to be a safe and effectual cure for Scrofula or enlargement of the glands, Leprosy, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart, and other diseases originating in an impure or depraved state of the blood, or derangement of the digestive organs. The proprietors are daily receiving written testimonials, giving interesting details of its extraordinary virtues; original manuscripts of various certificates, letters, of the Clergy, Magistrates and Laity, all confirming the previous statements, are constantly received, and will cheerfully be exhibited on application. Facts are recorded sufficiently clear and convincing to satisfy the most incredulous of the real merits of this invaluable medicine.

For particulars see advertisements in this and other city papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

Jayne's Sanative Pills.—These pills are an excellent, mild and safe purge at all times, and are exceedingly useful in Dyspepsia, and obstructions of the Liver. Persons taking them can eat and drink as usual, without fear of injury; and, what is of infinite advantage, making the use of mercurial preparations so frequently used in derangements of the stomach and liver unnecessary.

They may be taken at ALL TIMES and in nearly ALL DISEASES. They remove obstructions of the Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, Uterus and all other Organs of the body—Inflammatory, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and every other form of Fever—Jaundice and Liver Complaint. For Dyspepsia they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach, and producing healthy action in that important organ. They are very valuable for diseases of the Skin, and for what is commonly called "impurity of the blood;" also for Female Complaints, Costiveness, &c., &c.—and, in fact, every disease where an Aperient, Alterative or Purgative medicine is required.

☞ DYSPEPSIA POSITIVELY CAN BE CURED by a persevering use of this valuable SANATIVE, especially if the Tonic Vermifuge be used in conjunction.

Prepared at No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents per box.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, No. 35 South Third Street. Philadelphia, May, 20th, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	-
City bk. Portland,	-
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk.	-
Bangor Com. bank,	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co.	-
Frankford bank,	-
All solvent banks	[illegible]
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	[illegible]
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	[illegible]
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	2½
Lafayette bank,	-
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	-
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	50
All solvent banks,	[illegible]
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne County bank,	-
Mer. & Planters,	-
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	no sale
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	35 dis
Tren. Banking Co old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	46a47 dis
Girard do.	20 dis
Penna. do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	80 dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	3½a4 dis
Harrisburg,	4½ dis
Middletown,	½ dis
Carlisle,	4½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts.	5 dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	7 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
" Certificates,	1 dis
" Post notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	85 dis
York,	4½ to 5 dis
Gettysburg,	4½ to 5 dis
Chambersburg,	4½ to 5 dis
Waynesburg, p. notes,	7 dis
" demand notes,	7 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	2 dis
" demand notes,	2 dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	70 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co	20 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	46 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 to 1½ dis
Cumberland,	2 dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	1 dis
Broken bks.	various prices
Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	35 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City, Georgetown, Far. & Mechanics, Alexandria,	dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	3 dis
Wheeling post notes,	3 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1
Small notes	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bk.	-
Exchange bk	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk. of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckserv. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	16 dis
Small notes,	18 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	3½ dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	62½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	par
" Baltimore,	par
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	5 to 5½ dis
City Relief Notes,	6 to 6½ dis

A Cough.—It should be remembered that a cough is always an evidence that some impurity has lodged in the lungs, which, if not speedily removed, will so irritate those delicate organs as sooner or later to produce inflammation of the lungs—a form of disease which we all know is the high road to consumption.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most delightful medicine for carrying off a cold, because they expel from the system all morbid and corrupt humors, (the cause of every kind of disease,) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is relieved of all its suffering as if by magic. Four or five of said Indian Vegetables Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, remove the most obstinate cold; at the same time, the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified that inflammation of the lungs, consumption or any other form of disease, will be absolutely impossible.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by W. & J. H. Keim, North Fifth street, Reading, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The best security against imposition is to purchase from none except advertised agents; and in *all cases be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

N. B. The genuine medicine, can with certainty, be obtained from Messrs. J. W. Ringer & Co., Grocers, Reading, Pa., and also, at offices, No. 169 Race St. Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

Remember, none are right except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Jayne's Expectorant always cures Asthma.—Two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children in from 15 minutes to 1 hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of whooping cough, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, with Consumption, Spitting of Blood, and other Pulmonary Affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief. For sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 south Third street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
1005 shares	Girard Bank,	4¼a4
402 do.	Wilmington R. R.	10½a10
321 do.	Reading R R.	19½a20
148 do.	United States Bank,	3½
116 do.	Mechanics Bank,	18
99 do.	Louisville Bank,	70a71
75 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	42
70 do.	Planters' Bank, Tenn.	50
53 do.	Kentucky Bank,	40
10 do.	Schuylkill Navi. Co.	34½
5 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	58
1 do.	North America Bank,	299
$13,000	State 5's, 1853a1864,	44½a46
$14,000	Tenn. 5 per ct. Bonds,	75½a76
$2000	Tenn. Bonds, 6's,	90
$2170	County 5's, 1860, new,	90
$1149	Schuylkill Navigation, 5's, 1855a1856,	75
$1710	Camden & Amboy R. R. Bonds,	84½a85
$400	City 5's, 1864,	101
$100	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855,	75
$1000	Reading R. R. Bonds, 1850,	55½
$1000	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	35
$203 40	Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	60
$5356	Alms House 5's, 1865,	90

Philadelphia Market.

Flour and Meal—The demand for flour has become rather less active, but prices remain without further change. Sales of common brands Pa flour for export, at $4.12½ per bbl; fair and good brands fresh ground and also good Ohio at $4.25, and extra at $4.50. Occasional sales of western for city use at $4.06¼, but chiefly at $4.12½, and fair and good brands at $4.25. Rye flour has further declined; sales at $2.87½ and subsequently at $2.81½a2.75 per bbl. Corn meal is still scarce, but the demand has become less active. Last sales in bbls were at $2.62½ per bbl.

Grain—Wheat continues in demand, and although the arrivals have been large prices are well supported. Sales of only fair Pa red wheat at 92a93 cts per bushel, good quality at 93½ to 95, and good red and white mixed at 95 to 97 cts. A sale of southern at 90 cents, all afloat. Rye—Sales of Pa at 56a58 cts. Corn, sales of Pa round yellow at 54, flat do at 53 a 53½, southern flat 53, and white 50a51 cts. Oats—Sales of Delaware at 29 a 28, and Va at 25 cts.

Sugar—Holders are firm and the demand is moderate except for New Orleans sugar, 200 hhds of which have been sold at $4.62½ to 5.31 per 100 lbs for inferior to fair quality 4 mos. 300 bbls and bags white Brazil at 7½ to 8½ cts 4 and 6 mos.

Fruit—A cargo of 2300 boxes Sicily lemons and oranges, in good order, have all been disposed of at $3.12½ per box, 50 boxes soft shell almonds at 19 cents per lb.

Cotton—Some small sales of Tenn at 5⅞ cash; Georgia at 5½ to 6⅛ cash, and some repacked at 5½; 30 bales N O at 6⅜ cash.

Oil—A small cargo of whale has arrived, and been sold at 37c, quoted at 28 to 40c; sperm still scarce, 60 to 65 cts.

Teas—A sale of 400 half chests gunpowder imperial and hyson tea for export on terms not made public.

Molasses—The market is bare of West India in first hands, it would sell at advanced prices if here.

Naval Stores dull, except spirits of turpentine, of which the market is bare, sales at 40c.

Wool—There has been more enquiry for foreign wool and prices have slightly advanced.

Provisions—Pork is now quoted at $9 to 9½ for mess, sales of lard at 6½c.

Ginseng—Sales of 60,000 bushels crude at 23½ to 25 cts per lb. cash.

Bark—Quercitron sells readily at $21 per ton for 1st quality.

Lead—The market has become bare of this article.

Cloverseed—Sales of prime, small lot at 3¾.

Coffee—Market calm and prices steady.

Plaster—A cargo sale at $2.81 per ton.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia—Cattle—The offering comprised 290 beeves, of which 104 were from Ohio, and the balance from this State; 360 cows and calves; 311 swine and 1250 sheep. Beef cattle were in good request, and the offering being small, the prices advanced, all but 30 head sold, including 83 Ohio and 24 Pa for the N York market at $5a$7 per 100 pounds for common to prime beasts. Cows and calves sold at $5a$11 for dry cows, $9a$18 for springers, and $20a$30 each for milch cows. Jersey calves sold on the Delaware at $2a$3.50, and Pa do at the yards at $1.50 a $3 per 100 lbs. live weight. Swine has also advanced; all but 40 offered sold at $3.50a$4.50 per 100 lbs. Sheep were disposed of at $1 a$3 each, as in quality.

New York, May 15—At market 900 beef cattle, 600 from the south, 85 cows and calves, and 323 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle—The supplies are better, and the activity in the market continues, but we quote a decline of 50 per cwt on the extreme range, say $5.50 to $7 for retailing qualities, and $4.25a$6 for ordinary cattle; 165 left over. Cows and calves—All at market taken at $15 a$25 to $30. Sheep—All but 50 taken at $1.75 to $3, and $5.50 for a few choice lots.

Baltimore, May 15—Cattle—There were 230 beef cattle offered, of which 95 were driven north, nearly all of the balance sold at $5.50a6.75 net.

Trade and Business.

Baltimore, May 15—Flour—Only a moderate demand for Howard street flour; the price for good brands continues at $4.18¾, with limited sales. A sale of 500 bbls city mills flour at 4.25, which is a decline. Very little Susquehanna flour in market. Parcels in good order sell at 4.25. Grain—A cargo of Pa wheat, not prime, was sold on Saturday at 96 cts; to-day a small parcel of prime at 97 cts. No Md wheat at market. We quote good to prime red at 85a95 cents. A sale of Pa yellow corn at 55 cts, and 1500 bushels to-day at 64 cts; sales of Md at 52a53 cts for white, and 54a55 cts for yellow. A sale of 1000 bushels Pa rye at 55 cts. We quote Md at 48a50 cts. Sales of Va oats at 22a23 cts; of Md at 25a26 cts; 1000 bushels Pa at 28 cents. Provisions—There is an improved feeling for bacon with large transactions in western ass'd at 4½ cts, sales of some parcels of strictly prime at 4⅞ cts. We quote the range at 4½a4⅞ cts, and hams at 5½a6 cts. Whiskey—Small sales of hhds at 21½ cts; sales of bbls at 22 cts.

Wilmington, N. C. May 10—Naval Stores—Turpentine is in fair demand for the distillers; virgin dip brings $2.35; ordinary qualities $2.10. Tar has got up to 95, and is in good demand. Bacon—The demand for this article is fair at a little advance, hams particularly are inquired for. Lard—Sales in bbls at 6½ and in kegs at 7 cts. Corn is scarce in market, and holders in store are getting 65 to 70 cts for it. The demand, however, is confined to small parcels for immediate use.

Cincinnati, May 13—Flour—Receipts of the week 4000 bbls, and the demand being good, all were taken on arrival at $3.10a3.20 for canal, and 3.30 for city mills. Demand active and market firm. Yesterday 300 bbls canal sold at 3.25 per bbl. Provisions—Demand limited and market dull; 150 bbls mess pork sold at 7.56, a few hundred thousand pounds bacon sold at 2.75 a 3.25 for hog round. Hams are in brisk demand with an increasing stock. Lard is firm with a small supply.

New Orleans, May 8—We had a quiet market to-day for cotton, and the sales did not exceed 1200 bales. Prices, however, are very steady, and rather inclined to advance than otherwise. The steamer's news will now be due in a few days, and buyers are looking for it anxiously. Liverpool Classification—Louisiana and Mississippi. Ordinary 4½a5½, middling 5½a6½, middling fair 6¾a7, fair 7½a8, good fair 8½a8¾, good and fine 9½a9¾.

Pittsburg, May 12—Remarks—The river and canal is in fine order, and the carrying trade is very brisk. Flour is at a stand. Sales at $2.81¼a2.87½ from wagons and boats. Bacon is in request with fair sales at 3½a4 cts for hog round; Ohio hams at 5, and shoulders 2½ cts. Iron—Large sales of bar have been made for the north and west; 75 blooms $15 a $30 per ton, 100 tons pig metal at $18 per ton, cash.

Richmond, May 15—Corn 60 cts, scarce and in demand. Oats 26a29 cts from vessels. Wheat, none in market, and none coming in, quotations 60 to 80 cts per bushel, 80 cts highest price. Flour—Some few sales at $4.12½ to $4.25 per bbl. Tobacco—Receipts increasing, but no material change in prices; we quote leaf, common, 3a3½, middling, 3¾a4½, good 4½a5½.

Charleston, May 13—Cotton—Week's sales 5687 bales, viz. 3000 at 5a5½; 1700 at 6a6½, and the balance at 7a7½ cts; receipts 6997 bales; exported 5886, including 286 to Philada. Stock on hand 21,017 bales. Rice—Market dull and prices a shade lower. Week's sales 1490 tcs at 1⅞a2 7-16 cts per lb. Cleared 2363 tcs, including 42 to Philada.

Nashville, May 9—The river is falling, there is about 5½ feet water on the shoals. The Paragon from New Orleans arrived on Saturday night. About 20 hhds tobacco were sold yesterday at $1.25a$1.75 for crossed, $2.25a$2.95 for seconds. No firsts offered. No sales of cotton that we could hear of.

Savannah, May 12—Cotton. Sales of the week 4290 bales, viz 1800 at 4½a5¾ cts, 2000 at 6a6¾, and the balance at 7a7½ cts. Rice—Demand moderate at steady rates. Week's sales at 1⅞a2⅜ cents. Cleared 801 tcs. Flour—Demand limited at $5a5.25 for Philada and Va.

Erie Canal Flour and Wheat—During the week ending May 13th, 54,871 bbls flour, and 7062 bushels wheat arrived at Albany by the Erie Canal. Since the opening of the canal to the 13th inst. 56,875 bbls flour have been received.

Alexandria May 16th—Flour—Receipts still light. Wagon price 3,87½a$4; no sales from stores. Grain—A cargo of white corn sold at 52 cents, one of fair red wheat at 86 cts. Wheat and corn are in demand at quotations.

Mobile, May 10—Cotton—There has been no change in the market, the demand being very moderate, though there was more firmness at the close. Week's sales, 8500 bales at 5½ to 8½ cents for ordinary to fully fair quality.

St. Louis, May 3—Wheat is at a stand at 45a50. Flour, good brands commands $3. Pork has advanced; we quote mess at $6.50a7; M O $5.50a6; prime $4.50a4.75. Lard 4c. Bacon—Hams 3a3½c; sides 2a3c; shoulders 1½a2c.

Buffalo, May 13—Wheat is held at 75 cts, and 72 offered. There is considerable flour arriving to-day per steamers, but it all goes forward for a market. At Rochester sales were made at $3.81.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 3d to the 16th May.

May 3. received from

E. J. Lockenback	2 00	G. Galloway	2 00
N. Van Pattan	2 00	B. Griffith	8 00
V. V. Skrien	2 00	A. Wilson Jr.	10 00
J. F. Harbin	2 00	W. Ellis	2 00
Mrs. C. Middleton	2 00	H. W. Woodward	2 00
J. S. Patterson	2 00	J. S. Peebles	1 00
J. Barbour	2 00	C. Stevens	5 00
W. G. Peck	1 00	J. E. Whipple	28 50
A. Latta	1 00	G. P. Breyfogel	2 00
F. A. Zitzman	4 00	J. F. Slaymaker	2 00
R. F. Snoddy	2 00	J. J. Hallowell	2 00
S. Crossdale	2 00	C. Shepherd	2 00
J. Veach	2 00	E. C. Mock	2 00
May 4.			
C. Neatle	2 00	D. Kimberlin	2 00
W. C. Cargill	2 00	Joel Wright	2 00
H. K. Scott	1 25	L. Tompkins	1 00
P. M. Alston	2 00	J. Clayton	2 00
D. W. Caraway	2 00	Mrs. E. Glading	1 00
T. Jungher	2 48	S. Browles	1 50
A. S. S. Newton	10 00	J. Henry	2 00
J. Hess	2 00	J. Hannah	1 25
May 5.			
F. W. Laskey	2 00	W. Gillespie	2 00
J. Sparks	2 00	J. Hansell	2 00
Maj. W. W. Morris	2 00	J. W. Coatler	2 00
C. L. Garfield	6 00	G. Beecroft	2 00
A. Southworth	2 00	E. Albaugh	6 66
F. Williams	10 00	W. H. Weld	28 60
Dr. W. Bird	2 00	Mrs. E. Wilson	2 00
L. S. Craig	2 00	R. Stewart	1 00
A. Goodyear	1 00	R. P. Lee	2 00
S. McClish	2 00	M. Fitchhorn	2 00
Col. H. Ferguson	2 00	H. Yerkes	2 00
Capt. C. Carroll	2 00	J. M. Swing	2 00
E. Bulliardo	5 00	J. Y. Long	1 50
L. B. K. Dicken	2 00	B. Bean	2 00
P. Strenk	10 00	G. Graneback	1 00
S. H. Adams	2 00	G. Simpson	4 00
J. F. Smith	2 00	H. Hand	2 00
W. T. Lowber	2 00	B. Jewell	2 00
A. Baton	2 00	C. Wainwright	2 00
R. Clark	4 00	B. Ellis	4 00
G. Warner	2 00	Mrs. Wetherill	2 00
May 6.			
J. Miner	2 00	M. P. McLauthlen	2 00
S. Crossdale	4 00	S. L. Blackly	12 50
A. Burrell Jr	2 00	J. Renfrew	1 50
C. Hunt	2 00	W. Pressler	2 00
J. Fox	2 00	G. Stout	1 00
B. Curtis	10 00	W. S. Thomas	2 00
E. M. Buckingham	2 00	J. Finkerbiner	2 00
N. B. Foreman	2 00	S. T. Zelley	21 13
W. O. Cain	4 00	W. Colder	2 00
C. McClure	2 00	M. Bywater	2 00
A. West	1 00	J. Smith	2 00
May 8.			
R. A. Y. Daymond	2 00	Mrs. J. Oliver	2 00
J. T. Blain	20 00	W. J. Closs	5 00
W. Wilson	2 00	A. W. Knettles	1 00
S. Walker	4 00	J. Smith	10 00
F. W. Eason	2 00	H. H. Dodge	2 00
E. Stone	1 00	D. Gilfillan	2 00
R. Spencer	2 00	W. E. Stephens	2 00
S. Fowler	2 00	E. Smith	5 00
N. B. Dudley	2 00	M. Daniels	2 00
A. O. Nelson	2 00	J. Woodruff	2 00
C. Dunning	5 00	A. Young	2 00
J. E. Manson	4 00	T. Speakman	2 00
L. W. Carter	2 00	T. S. Dickey	12 50
H. W. Mavengall	3 00	R. Wilson	2 00
J. S. Douglass	10 00	C. Shaw	5 00
May 9.			
J. Little	2 00	G. Deffenback	2 00
F. Stewart	6 00	J. S. Quicksall	2 00
J. Jones	5 00	H. Carson	1 25
T. Ray	4 00	D. Holmes	1 25
Miss M. A. Cox	2 00	W. G. Rhodes	2 00
J. Brown	2 00	J. Snyder	3 00
B. Mackall	5 00	G. Urquahart	2 00
J. T. Johnson	2 00	L. Borton	2 00
F. Pexton	2 00	B. Needham	1 50
J. S. Normander	21 25	J. Jones	2 00
E. W. Bateman	11 00	C. B. Couch	2 00
N. Adams	2 00	J. Mitchel	2 00
I. E. James	25 00	J. Hughes	2 00
D. Campman	1 00	J. Seabrook	2 00
J. Crippen	1 25		
May 10.			
J. Morton	2 00	A. Watt	2 00
W. Tagert	2 00	D. F. Hammett	2 00
T. S. Kenton	4 00	J. Nelson	2 00
S. G. Fenimore	2 00	Mrs. B. Harris	2 00
I. Van Schaick	2 00	E. Terres	2 00
C. Anderson	2 00	H. Darragh	1 00
W. A. Hopkins	5 00	G. Nugent	2 00
C. Morris	2 00	S. M. Robinson	2 00
L. Creolng	2 00	J. Maddock	2 00
T. J. Higginbotham	3 00	R. Smith	2 00
J. Hondeshell	2 00	A. P. Holcomb	2 00
Pollock & Keefer	1 00	C. Green	6 00
May 11.			
A. Hoffy	3 00	S. V. Barton	4 00
B. Holart	2 00	P. H. Mattis	2 00
J. M. Mickerson	1 00	A. B. Demaree	4 00
S. R. Lane	2 00	A. Adams	2 00
W. Journeay	2 00	J. M. Cauffman	2 00
J. Houghton	5 00	Sarah Bull	2 00
G. M. Newton	2 00	C. Bell	2 00
G. Ferguson	2 00	P. Seiler	2 00
E. S. Worrell	2 00		
May 12.			
D. Strasburger & Co.	1 00	D. Strawn	1 25
J. M. Lemore	6 00	G. Erety	6 00
G. T. Henderson	11 00	T. H. Craig	2 00
J. F. Rambo	5 00	W. Brown	2 00
T. Hemfield	2 00	Mrs. R. Poalk	2 00
S. Hicks	2 00	T. Calbreath	1 33
J. Roberts	2 00	J. C. Hand	4 00
J. Apple	2 00	J. Koons	2 00
G. Brown	2 00	G. W. Tryon	2 00
G. B. Thomas	2 00	Mrs. J. Mansfield	2 00
W. A. Lea	5 00	B. Brown	2 00
M. Buckner	3 00	W. K. Fry	2 00
Mrs. M. S. Shields	10 00	W. Rosco	8 00
H. Van Bibber	5 00	J. H. & P. R. Radcker	1 50
C. Kinne	2 00	J. T. Zell	2 00
A. W. Lake	2 00	J. Dubois	4 00
H. Corfin	4 25		
May 13.			
G. Richards	2 00	L. Hyde	4 00
J. Q. A. Newbill	6 00	L. Cummings	2 00
D. Stephenson	4 00	W. Cavett	2 00
J. Kenedy	2 00	J. C. Beatty	2 00
J. Brittain	5 00	T. H. Thompson	1 00
C. J. Hawkins	2 00	H. Webb	2 00
F. Everett	2 00	W. Suplee	3 00
T. K. McCord	2 00	W. A. Piper	2 00
D. Tidball Jr.	4 00	D. Beeber	1 00
A. Richsecker	5 00	J. S. Stranger	2 50
G. Gilbert	1 00	C. L. Laysour	13 00
N. Boardman	2 00		
May 15.			
C. Powers	5 00	W. L. Legg	15 00
S. S. Phelps	5 00	R. Darlington	2 00
J. Strickler	1 75	J. Beaver	4 00
J. McElroy	1 00	W. Frozall	2 00
Capt. E. Tarbox	2 00	J. Harman	2 00
J. Bethl Jr.	2 00	J. Cohu	1 00
D. S. Shultz	2 00	J. Warrington	2 00
W. Stauffer	2 00	W. Neely	1 75
S. Lipton	2 00	J. C. Rinker	2 50
J. Kirkpatrick	2 00	M. Mogridge	2 00
Dr. J. Moore	1 00	H. Simpson	2 00
S. Pardee	2 00	I. Leeds	2 00
A. Baker	1 00	J. Christopher	4 00
H. E. Merriman	2 00	J. & H. A. Brown	2 00
E. Chester	4 00	J. M. Yeatman	11 50
May 16.			
G. W. Snow	3 00	A. Davis	2 00
H. Stone	2 00	S. R. Griffith	2 00
Miss Philpot	2 00	G. Carpenter	2 00
Lt. F. L. Jones	2 00	I. W. Pancoast	3 00
E. Fisk	2 00	S. Pellman	2 00
W. Bowman self	1 50	J. Housten	1 44
R. C. Fury	2 00	F. T. Worthington	2 00
W. B. Godfrey	5 00	C. Leedom	2 00
J. Senn	2 00	E. W. Reynolds	1 00
W. H. Weld agt.	68 44	A. H. Richards	2 00
C. W. James agt	150 00		

HOVER'S INK.—From Dr. Thomas P. Jones of the Patent Office, Washington, Prof. of Chemistry and Editor of the Journal of the Franklin Institute of Pa.

"Washington, D. C., Jan. 28th, 1843.

"Mr. Joseph E. Hover.

Sir,—I have made use of your Black Ink sufficiently long to ascertain that it possesses all the desirable properties which are necessary in the employment of steel pens, more fully than any kind of ink that I had previously essayed, and I have gone pretty well through the catalogue. I have not taken the trouble to test it chemically, as this has been already done by others whose certificates are as satisfactory to me as though the experiments had been made by myself. THOS. P. JONES."

For sale by JOSEPH E. HOVER, Manufacturer, No. 105 North Third street, six doors below Race street, east side.

☞ Also, for sale at the office of the United States Saturday Post, number 98 Chesnut street, at the manufacturer's prices. my 20

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL & CO., No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, have recently published the following works, at the very low prices annexed:

D'Aubigne's Reformation, full cloth		$1 00
Do do half do		75
The Bible in Spain, by George Borrow,	full cloth	62½
Do do do	half do	50
Do do do	paper,	37½
The Gipsies in Spain, by Geo. Borrow,	do	31¼
The Neighbors, by Frederika Bremer,		31¼
Fox's Book of Martyrs, in 8 nos. per number,		15
Neander's History of the Christian Religion, during the first three centuries—per number		25
Rise and Fall of Papacy, by Robert Fleming,		25
Llorente's History of the Inquisition—per number,		15

All the above publications are in uniform editions. 91

HORSE COMPANY MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Strickersville Horse Company for the detection of thieves, and the recovery of stolen property, will meet on Saturday the 27th day of May next, at three o'clock, P. M. at the Public House of David M. Hannum, in London Britain Township, county of Chester, Penna. A punctual attendance is requested by order of the company.

EVAN GARRETT, Secretary.

Strickersville, April 27, 1843. my 6 3t*

T. J. M'LAIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Warren, Ohio.—Will attend to all business, in the line of his profession, in the county of Trumbull, or in any other county in North Eastern Ohio, which may be entrusted to his care. ap 15 3m

Office at the Post Office.

ALMANAC.

May 1843.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
20 Saturday,	4 49	7 11	7 54	
21 Sunday,	4 48	7 12	8 37	
22 Monday,	4 48	7 12	9 17	
23 Tuesday,	4 47	7 13	9 58	
24 Wednes.	4 46	7 14	10 37	First 7 3 27
25 Thursday,	4 46	7 14	11 19	Full 13 5 37
26 Friday,	4 45	7 15	12 3	L'st 20 10 57
27 Saturday,	4 44	7 16	12 44	New 29 1 57

Married,

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. E. T. Morgan, Chas. G. Auberkin, to Harriet Alice, eldest daughter of Jas. Eaton, Esq. of N. Y.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. John F. Mesick, Joseph Allison, Esq., of Harrisburg, Pa., to Margaret C. daughter of Wm. W. Perrine, M. D.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. Jas. Stark, to Miss Jane McMakin, both of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Roman Rotch, to Helen, daughter of Thos. W. Morgan, Esq.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Richard V. Velthoven, to Miss Elizabeth R. Kline, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by Alderman J. Mitchell, James Collins, of Boston, to Jane Brown, of the city of N. York.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 9th instant, Mr. John Miller, to Miss Ann Clark.

By the same, on the 9th inst. Mr. Wm. Shaeffer, to Miss Eliza Painter.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. Samuel A. Abbott, to Miss Emma Keller, all of this city.

In N. Y. on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Balch, Wm. S. Campbell, U. S. Consul at Rotterdam, to Josephine Ratineau, of N. Y.

In Wilmington, Del. on 3d day, 9th inst. by Mayor Williamson, Joseph Mendinhall, of Wilmington, Del. to Mary Askew, of Brandywine village.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Geo. B. Strong, Esq. to Miss Anna M. Bowen, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by Ald. C. Brazer, Scammon R. Banes, to Miss Elizabeth E. Bunting, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On fifth-day, the 11th inst. in Friends' Meeting, at Fallsington, Bucks county, Saml. Hulme, to Rachel S. daughter of John Kirkbridge.

On fifth day, the 11th inst. by Robt. P. Miller, John Fisler, to Septenia, daughter of John Valentine, all of Chester county, Pa.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, George F. Walters, to Dorothea Lybrant, daughter of Samuel Weymer.

At Reading, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Coombs, Mr. Jones Owen, of Blockley Township, to Sarah Bower, of this city.

Died,

On 4th-day, 17th inst. after a short and severe illness, Sarah, wife of Geo. Greaves.

On the 17th inst. John Edwards, son of John and Mary L. McGleasey, aged 7 months and 10 days.

On the 16th inst. Miss Amelia Farrow, in the 22d year of her age.

On the 15th inst. after a protracted illness, Mrs. Rosanna Collison, relict of the late Capt. Geo. Collison, in the 83d year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Mary D. Horne, in the 90th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Ann Smyth, aged 67 years.

On the 16th inst. Hannah L. Watts, daughter of W. and Mary A. Watts, aged 1 month, 1 week and 3 days.

On the 13th inst. at Rocky Hill, Somerset county, N. J., Samuel Olcott, in the 33d year of his age.

At No. 5 Faubourg, St. Honore, Paris, March 24th, M. O'Maley, Esq. aged 89 years, a citizen of the U. S. of America.

On the 11th inst. Wm. Cunningham, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 14th instant, Miss Sarah Sleet, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. Henry, youngest son of John and Maria Sheppard, aged 4 years, 10 months and 14 days.

On the 14th inst. Thos. W. Wallace, son of Thos. and Susannah Butler, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Jane, daughter of Nestor and Margaret Rickards, aged 14 months.

At Montevideo, on the 8th March last, Mr. George Carson, first officer of the barque Medora, of this port, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 15th instant, Mr. Wm. McGinley, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 12th inst. of apoplexy, Thomas Carr, in the 77th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Catharine Rapp, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Helen, wife of James E. Lewars, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. Mary Ostrum, wife of R. W. Steel, and daughter of the late Dr. Harvey Klapp, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 14th inst. Christian Sheppell, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. George W. son of Morgan G. and Sarah S. Pile, aged 13 months and 3 days.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Mary Seybert, aged 81 years.

On the 12th inst. of scarlet fever, Frances Rumsey, only daughter of Geo. H. Stuart, aged 5 years.

At his seat of Smithfield, in the county of Montgomery, on the 4th instant, in the 69th year of his age, Col. James P. Preston, former Governor of Virginia.

On the 10th inst. Robert Colling, son of R. Martin, aged 6 months.

On the 12th inst. Joseph Craycroft, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Sophia C. wife of Peter E. Dennet, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Harriet, wife of Chas. Marshall, aged 25 years.

On the 10th inst. J. Jacob Link, aged 58 years.

On the 11th instant, Emma R. daughter of W. S. and Harriet Gicker, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Ann Mind, aged 49 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Mary A. Patterson, in the 49th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. James Piper, aged 72 years.

On the 10th inst. Jeremiah Rhoads, aged 29 years.

HEALTH OFFICE, MAY 13, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 6th to the 13th of May.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess Lumbar,	1	0	Brought over,	27	39
Apoplexy,	1	0	Hæmorrhage,	1	0
Anorexia,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Casualties,	1	1	——Bronchi,	0	4
Croup,	0	3	——Lungs,	2	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	6	——Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	1	9	——Breast,	0	1
——Puerperal,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	2	1
Dropsy, head,	0	2	——Uterus,	1	0
——Heart,	0	1	Intemperance,	1	0
Disease of Hip,	0	1	Inanition,	0	1
——Heart,	1	1	Marasmus,	0	2
——Lungs,	1	0	Neuralgia,	1	0
——Kidneys,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
——Spine,	0	1	Ossification of the Arteries,	1	0
——Stomach,	0	1	Palsy,	2	0
Dysentery,	1	0	Scalds,	0	1
Debility,	1	1	Scrofula,	0	1
Erysipelas,	2	2	Small Pox,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Still Born,	0	2
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	Syphilis,	1	0
Fever, Congestive,	1	0	Tumor,	1	0
——Puerperal,	1	0	Ulceration of the Bowels,	1	0
——Scarlet,	0	9	——Throat,	1	0
Gangrene of Lungs,	1	0			
Carried over,	27	39	Total, 101—	45	56

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, and 13 people of color which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

May	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
7,	66	74	[illegible]
8,	66	67	[illegible]
9,	59	64	64
10,	55	56	62
11,	53	58	60
12,	59	71	60
13,	63	75	80

THE UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING office, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia, is supplied with the most extensive and valuable variety of all kinds of JOB TYPE, MACHINE PRESSES, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY.

Which could be selected in this country, and it is prepared to execute all orders for FINE LETTER PRESS PRINTING, OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE, AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc. etc.

There is constantly adding to its stock, at whatever expense, all the specimens and beauties of the AMERICAN FOUNDRIES, and no pains is spared to please, both in quality and price, all who may favor it with their orders.

THE TERMS ARE CASH.

And a distinctive feature in its mode of doing business, which is the only ground upon which it expects to be favored, is that of studying the interest of the customer. From the superiority of their materials, and their improved facilities in machines, power presses, &c., they are confident of their ability to execute printing of every kind quicker, neater, and cheaper, than it can be done at any other establishment in the country. Orders from every part of the Union promptly fulfilled.

Hobson's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, is now in active operation. Cards and Letter sheet Jobs can therefore be thrown off at the rate of THOUSANDS OF IMPRESSIONS PER HOUR.

Office, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Streets, Philadelphia. my 13 1m

JUST PUBLISHED—PICTORIAL HISTORY of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. (Vol. 2, price 50 cents.)

History of the Emperor Napoleon, from the French of M. Laurent De L'Ardeche, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. with five hundred illustrations, after designs by Horace Vernet, and twenty original portraits.

As a chaste, condensed, faithful and accurate memoir of the Great Captain, it is worthy of much attention. The author has ably drawn the necessary facts of his history from the letters, reviews, manifestoes, bulletins, and other state papers of Napoleon, and has given a considerable number of these in his text. The work, in this respect, is not unlike the design of many memoirs of less distinguished individuals, who are made to tell their own story by means of private letters and journals. There is a piquancy and force about this manner of composing details that cannot be obtained in any other way. No man could give so good an account of the wonderful exploits of Napoleon as the victor himself; and his language is often not less comprehensive, forcible and sublime than his achievements astonishing and vast. Scott pretends to find in them bombast, but the same sentences which he condemned, and which might perhaps seem warm, glowing, and often exaggerated to a cold and northern fancy, sent a thrill through all the millions of France, and aroused that terrible valor which bore the eagle of victory triumphant over a hundred battle fields, and placed it at last on the towers of the Kremlin, to be torn and broken by the northern tempest.

The postage on this work is only periodical, and will be forwarded to any who will remit the amount, TWO DOLLARS in advance. Three copies will be furnished for $5.

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Gems from the Poets.

THE SANDS.

BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Turn to the watery world!—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colors changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye.

Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends);—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,—
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View not the winter storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud;
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking—and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Selected Articles.

STELLA LEE.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

What a little flirt was Stella! And yet if to be the most bewitching, the most entrancing enslaver of hearts, entitles a fair maiden of seventeen to *be* a flirt, then is Stella fully exonerated, for she was all these—yes, and ten thousand times more!

Never was there seen such a sylph; so light, so airy, so full of grace! Never was a little head set so bewitchingly on a pair of shoulders, that seemed dimpling with laughter at their own whiteness; never was there such a pair of eyes! they were not black, or blue, or hazel; one could not tell their colour; but *such eyes!* Alas, for the swains, who would not

"From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,"

for were there not otherwise in a pretty state of commotion! Oh such thumping and bumping of hearts! such Etna's of sighs! Then such a mouth had Stella—fragrant as the blossom of the sweet pea; and hands and feet which even Titania might have envied. Her voice was like the sweetest notes of the Æolian harp; and her laugh more musical than fairy-bells—*if one could hear them!* But then she was such a sad flirt!—it was too bad in her—too bad!

Oh the snares she would spread—with Cupid, sly, mischievous dog—at her elbow! Then, skipping around, she would laugh and clap her little hands, to see the poor fellows tumble in. And she would look so very demure, too, and feel *so sorry!* Why *would* they like *her!* It was not *her* fault—bless her little innocent heart, not a bit of her fault!

Ah, Stella, Stella! was it not enough for you to lead in your chains the village youths; city exquisites, doctors, schoolmasters and lawyers? Must you also sport with *divinity itself?* Naughty, naughty Stella.

It happened that for several months the church in the village of Lorraine was without a pastor. The pulpit was either supplied from the neighbouring towns, or occasionally the inhabitants were favoured by some clerical traveller from the distant cities, who, charmed by the beauty of the place—gladly tarried the Sabbath in so lovely a spot.

Indeed no one that has ever visited this delightful village could leave it without regret. Situated on the borders of the lovely Connecticut, forming a silvery circlet for the luxuriant meadows, as varied in hue as the tiara of a queen: here the emerald, there the pale topaz of the graceful wheat, the aqua-marine of the tall maize, and the ruby red of the fragrant clover. Lofty mountains bound the view on three sides, but on the other, far as the eye can reach, are scattered villages and towns, whose spires and white dwellings gleam through orchards and groves, while here and there the Connecticut is again seen pursuing her silvery way, as if playing *bo peep* with earth and sky; now hiding amid the *deep* forests, and then bursting forth in gladness; mimicking on her surface cloud, tree and shrub.

One Saturday evening, as the sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, the eastern stage came driving, *Jehu*-like, down the principal street of Lorraine, and dashed up in fine style, with cracking whip and sounding horn, to the door of the Union Hotel. Just at the moment the steps were let down, a party of young girls were hurrying swiftly past, apparently to avoid coming in contact with the passengers of the coach. Stella was among them, and as she looked up in some confusion, her eye encountered those of a stranger, the expected clergyman. He started with surprise at this vision of loveliness, and remained almost unconsciously watching her light figure, until it vanished like a bird, amid the drooping foliage of the elms which bordered the street.

It might be he was too much absorbed in the subject of his next day's discourse to do justice to the excellent supper of his host; certain it is, the fine trout, the snowy bread and fragrant butter were nearly untasted; and, taking his hat, William Godfrey strolled out in the beautiful twilight.

Saturday evening! Oh the loveliness of that quiet summer eve, amid the hills and valleys of New England!

The stars were beginning to peep bashfully forth, a slight mist was rising from the river, as if to curtain up the distant mountains, and the music of the frogs, the chirping cricket and ceaseless katydid, were the only sounds that met the ear. William Godfrey passed slowly down the avenue of elms, and gazed wistfully at the doors and windows of the neat cottages, and nowhere could he see Stella, and, in disappointed mood, he returned to the hotel.

The next morning dawned as pure and glorious as the day it ushered in. All was still; the sweet notes of the joyous birds or the cheerful sounds from the farm-yard, were alone heard. The grass lay glittering as though showered with diamonds, here and there linked in fairy chains by the fragile gossamer, while each leaflet and flower bore its silvery dew-drop. Pleasant was it for the young clergyman to look upon a scene of such beauty; a scene calculated to inspire the holier feelings of our nature, even in the most careless heart, and Godfrey was one who, with the deepest devotion blended with warm enthusiasm, looked from

"Nature up to Nature's God."

The church-bell sounds. The streets, before so solitary, are now filled with villagers, all wending their way to the house of God. William Godfrey that morning excelled himself; no one listened to him without interest and holy pleasure; and certainly there was no one but might have improved by his discourse. When the service was ended, several of the more respectable villagers pressed forward to solicit the clergyman, as was their custom, to partake of their family dinner. He was about, however, to decline all their kind invitations, when an elderly lady approached, and with great sweetness and dignity tendered her hand, accompanied at the same time with an urgent request that he would accept of her hospitality. Could he refuse *her?* for was not the sweet girl on whose arm she leaned the very same that had haunted his night visions! and, as Stella looked up, he caught the *second* glance of those bewitching eyes. No, he *could not* refuse; and, offering his arm to the elder lady, he accompanied them to their dwelling—a cottage nestled amid honeysuckle and roses.

And now mark what a chain of magical beauty Stella wove around the clergyman! each hour "fanned by Cupid's wings," adding a new link, until at length poor Godfrey became indeed a *willing* captive. Morning, noon, and evening found him by the side of Stella; they read, they walked together; or together rode through the shady groves or along the verdant banks of the Connecticut; and Godfrey even made no scruple of accompanying Stella's pretty songs with his own fine voice. There was to him a charm in every thing Stella did perfectly irresistible. The clergyman was deeply in love!

Well—and Stella! Little minx! she thought Mr. Godfrey so *very kind, so very agreeable; she* did not think a *minister could* be so agreeable! Then he was so very intelligent, too, she said, and she was proud to have him approve or direct her reading. To walk with him was delightful, for he talked so beautifully of the charms of nature; and, above all, she so admired to hear him sing! But as to *loving* him—why the thing never entered her crazy little head. Mercy! to think of *her* becoming a *sober minister's* lady, and the head of *Dorcas societies!* Why it would be like changing the brilliant little humming-bird into the grave gray owl!

A week flew past—it was again Saturday, and William Godfrey had accepted an invitation to preach in a neighboring town. The afternoon was fine, and it not being necessary for him to leave Lorraine until late in the day, he proposed to Stella an excursion on horseback. Off they went—she looking so beautifully in the dark-green riding dress, her little hat and feather, and her whip, which she held like some fairy wand. She sat the horse, too, so graceful as a bird, and like a bird she flew along, carolling gayly, and making sweet music under those graceful elms and fragrant evergreen pines which canopied their path.

Not one word had Godfrey yet breathed of his attachment; but this afternoon, he felt, must decide his fate. Twice he essayed to speak, but was too much agitated to proceed.

"Stella," said he at length, in a faltering voice—here he *hesitated*—and *all was lost!* for at that moment, on emerging from the thicket into the high road, an open carriage, passed them. In this carriage sat a gentleman—moreover, not only a *young* gentleman, but a very *handsome* gentleman—and so long and earnestly did he stare at Stella, that she blushed like a damask rose. The carriage drove on. Stella turned her head to look after it; the stranger's head was turned, too—how very awkward!—and Stella blushed still deeper.

"I wonder who that can be," said she; "he is very handsome—who can he be?"

This was said rather to herself than to her companion, and as no answer was required none was given. But a pang went through the heart of poor Godfrey; *why*, he could not tell, yet it seemed as the *chill of death* to all his warm hopes and imaginings.

They soon reached home; and, as Godfrey bade her good-evening, he said, as he pressed her hand,

"I shall return, my dear Miss Lee, on Wednesday, when I hope to have a conversation with you, on which, I hesitate not to tell you, much of my future happiness depends; till then, dear Stella, adieu."

The color fled from the cheeks of Stella—for, to do her justice, she had no idea until that moment how deeply she had interested her companion; and, bidding him a hasty farewell, she ran into the house. Letting her little hat fall off on her shoulders, and holding up the skirt of her long riding-dress, she tripped into the parlor—and *there*, on the little chintz-covered sofa—*there sat* the handsome *stranger*, in conversation with her grandmother. She would have retreated, but it was too late.

"Mr. Dolivar, my dear," said the good lady, "a particular friend of your aunt Agnes; but go now and remove that troublesome dress, and then join us again."

And now if those scores of disappointed youths, dying by inches for the love of this cruel maiden, could have taken a peep into the heart of their fair enslaver, they would have seen themselves about to be revenged. Even Cupid, false fellow! just at the moment, instead of aiming his arrows *from* her eyes, turned sportively round, and pointing directly to the heart of poor Stella, drew his bow—*twang!*—yes, there sped the shaft!

Mr. Dolivar was truly an elegant young man, of polished manners and conversation. To account for his sudden appearance in Mrs. Lee's parlor, it is only necessary to say, that so much had he heard of the loveliness and excellence of Stella Lee from her aunt, in whose family he was intimate, and from others who had chanced to see her, that at first his curiosity was aroused, next his pity for the young orphan, (for Stella had lost both her parents while yet an infant,) and he determined, at all events, he would see this paragon himself. With letters, therefore, of introduction, he proceeded to Lorraine.

When he met Stella on horseback his *eyes* and *heart* told him she could be no other than the object which had brought him thither. But who, then, was that *pale young man*, her companion?

"*Only* a young clergyman," said grandma, in a tone which seemed to say, "Oh no danger *from a clergyman!*"

But not so thought Dolivar, until, by the artless manner of Stella, he saw that *her* heart at least was untouched.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday passed like *charmed* days; and Tuesday evening found Stella Lee the *betrothed bride* of Edward Dolivar!

Poor Godfrey! I don't believe she *thought* of him *once!* until Wednesday morning—when, just as Dolivar left her for a few moments to write to his friends of his happiness, William Godfrey entered, his fine face beaming with delight at seeing her again. Stella blushed, turned very pale, then blushed again; she trembled too, and hesitated; and, in short, appeared so much like a young *girl in love*, that Godfrey laid the "*flattering unction to his soul*," and immediately opened his whole heart to the trembling girl—breathing forth in tones of deep emotion his pure and fervent love—seizing her reluctant hand, he asked,

"Tell me, dearest Stella, may I hope for a return of my affection? Say, can you love me?"

Poor Stella! what at that moment were her feelings! She nearly fainted, so great was her emotion; but, recovering herself, and withdrawing her hand, said, in a voice almost lost in agitation, these fatal words:

"*I am engaged.*" Then, bursting into tears, she fled from the room.

The *unhappy lover* rushed from the house just in time to meet the *happy* one at the entrance. Oh *Stella! Stella!* C. H. B.

POLAND.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Exult, oh! Czar, o'er Poland torn
Exult she bows to thee—
Thou hast thy guerdon in the scorn,
The curses of the free!
And men shall say, in other times,
Thou wast Napoleon in thy crimes,
But nothing more could be—
Thy boast, in murder to have vied
With him, the lord of homicide!

Go mark thy work!—for Warsaw's plain
Has sickened at the tide
That reeking slaughter shed like rain
Careering at thy side—
Go—for the boy of lordly birth
Is weeping by the smouldering hearth
Where all his race have died.—
And Poland wails in widowed woe
Her martyred sons, her ruthless foe.

Oh! when her jewelled horsemen came
In clouds to Vola's plain—
When kings and kaisers scarce could claim
Their equals to remain—
When, "if the heaven should fall," they said,
"Upon their lance points overhead
They'd bear it up again"—
They dreamed not that the time should come
Their sons should have nor land nor home.

When, from the steeples of Vienne,
Across the Moslem sea,
Weary with watch, the Austrian men
With tears of extacy
Saw Sobieski's spears afar,
Heard thundering down his clash of war,
'Till Christendom was free—
Then he had died who dared proclaim
Her future fate and Europe's shame!

Yes! Europe heard her last, wild shriek,
Nor answered to the call—
The Austrian whet his vulture beak
And fevered for her fall,
And Prussia chuckled in her glee,
And England—traitress to the free—
Was herborting with Gaul.
Gods! did the Corsican but reign
How they had leaped to arms again

But vain the wish—his eagle wing
Low in the dust is laid,
The children of the thunder king
Have sheathed his lightning blade,
And since he fell, their land has been
The plaything of whate'er was mean,
Betraying and betrayed.—
By Europe chained they vainly free,
The slaves, the dupes of tyranny!

How long oh! God of heaven, how long
Shall wrong like this prevail,
And Poland's shriek, beneath the thong
Arise on every gale?
If justice lives within the skies,
Dishonded Europe yet shall rise
And Scythia's lord assail.
Not always shall he put to ban
The eternal heritage of man! 1839

The Humorist.

☞ A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an *hereditary* nobility. "Is it not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them, as a reward for such services." "By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is *hanged* for his misdeeds, *all his posterity should be hanged too!*"

☞ The Picayune, of the 29th ult. has the following important item of Northern news:—"Cases of women flogging their husbands have become so general in the North, that they have formed a society for purposes of general protection. It is called 'The Husband's Alliance; or, Anti-being flogged-by-Wives Society.' Their motto is—'Protection, not Women.'"

☞ Handy Andy somewhere tells of a place so cold that the butter froze as hard as granite, and which could not be separated by a chisel and mallet. The words froze as they came from their mouths and dropped to their feet in pellets of ice; and frequently after a long conversation, a man might be seen *standing up to his knees in his own eloquence!*

☞ "John, you've been edging about and lolling round here every Sunday evening for a great while—what can you be arter?" "Why, dear Sally, didn't you know that I was arter you?" "Lack-a-day! John—why I thought it was me that was arter you: so come and let's both be arter the parson, right off."

☞ "Why on earth don't you get up earlier, my son?" said an anxious father to his sluggard boy—don't you see the flowers even spring out of their beds at the early dawn?" "Yes, father," said the boy, "I see they do, and I would do the same, if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

☞ An Iowa paper tells a story of an old hoosier who, in describing a thunder storm in which he was once caught on a large prairie, said, that becoming desperate, he *rounded up* to the thunder so as to see the claps and *dodge them as they came.*

☞ "I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New York, on the breaking out of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," said a friend, "if you get much practice."

☞ A hollow silver button has been presented to the New York Historical Society, in which a note was contained, recovered from a spy employed by Sir Henry Clinton during the revolutionary war.

☞ No plaster can be made strong enough to draw tears from a hypocrites eyes—money from a miser—generosity from selfishness—truth from a slanderer—or honesty from a thief.

☞ A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's, is because of the friction of the tongue and the *sweetness of the lips.*

☞ "Husband, I don't know where that boy got his temper—not from me, I'm sure." "No, my dear—for I don't perceive that you've lost any."

☞ A Yankee from the Kennebec district, Maine, describes that place as so healthy that the citizens have to move somewhere else to die.

☞ Men deal on this world as if it were never to have an end, and neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

☞ A sailor once went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks. There happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown in the garden behind, where he fell without hurt. He stretched his arms, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and cried out—conceiving what had happened to be only part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole—"Well, I wonder what the fellow intends to do next?"

☞ An aged and venerable divine, who discovered that a mischievous son of his had been racing his old mare, scolded the young rogue in very severe terms, and exhausted all his powers of reproof and reprobation; but in the conclusion could not resist the temptation to inquire how the race terminated. "She beat 'em," was the answer. "Ah!" said the old gentleman, "she's a fine creature, Jim; when I rode her, nothing could pass her on the road."

☞ Complaints are often made of the law's delay, but we read of a recent case in England in which commendable despatch was observed. The prisoner was charged with stealing six shovels; he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported for seven years in the brief space of four minutes. The Judge's charge was—

"Gentlemen of the Jury, the shovels were taken—who stole them?"

☞ A young bachelor in Lafourche, who proposed for the daughter of a wealthy planter in that parish, insisted, in his letter to her father, on receiving with her as a dower a certain sugar plantation which the letter owned; "for," added the gallant in his letter, "I should like to take my wife as I do my coffee—*well sweetened!*"

☞ Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor who was dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he "was sorry, *very* sorry, very sorry *indeed*, that he couldn't pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are *sorrier* than I am, then I'll quit."

☞ "If I lick you," said a flatboatman to a man who was bothering him, "you'll go so high that the fear of *falling* will be much less that that of *starving to death* before you get down—and I'll give you ten loaves of bread to carry up with you in the bargain."

☞ Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine while beaten for theft, by exclaiming "was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be *corrected* also."

☞ A country boy being asked what was meant by "universal suffrage," instantly replied—"why it means that every man should suffer alike!"

☞ Nothing can be said against the tobacco boxes now in general use. Those who don't *choose* don't pay; and those who *chews* do.

☞ Our frail bodies are tottering habitations; every beat of the heart is a rap at the door, to tell us of our danger.

☞ "Blest are the *piece makers*," as the servant said when she let the large China dish fall and broke it in pieces.

☞ Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

☞ Why is a crying child at church, like an aching tooth? Because it ought to be taken out.

☞ "I'm a STUMP candidate," as the man with a wooden leg said when he was courting a lady.

☞ How do settlers manage to get through the forests in the west? They *axe* their way.

☞ Young Plumbe says that lazy reapers are apt to be affected with *drop-sickle* diseases.

Choice Selections.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

"Captain, give a poor felly a shillen, to buy a bit lodging!"

Captain—hem—why captain? thought I. There is nothing military in my looks, certainly—but perhaps he intends it for twelve pence worth of compliments. It was unconscionably high at that rate, however, and I declined the trade. The beggar replied:

"Well, well, it'll be all the same a hundred years hence, wedther I slape in the strate, or wid a nice clane bit sthraw undher my head. Good avenin, yer honor."

"Take your shilling, Pat, for the truth you have taught." I fell into a reverie.

So it will be all the same a hundred years hence. A mighty consequence we attach to the things of the day, which Pat's maxim would lessen essentially. It will be all the same a hundred years hence, whether you or I, reader, are fortunate or unfortunate. There are some few in every age whose works outlive them, but, depend upon it, dear reader, we are not among those conspicuous ones—for if people of our consequence—well as we think of ourselves—are of the everlasting, the "illustrious few" of our day will make an army Xerxes might not blush to lead.

What a world of fuss—of jealousy—of covetousness—and of every thing that is ugly, might be saved, if people would only reflect how entirely they are to be forgotten, a hundred years hence! They are not sure of having their names perpetuated even on their tombstones—for a hundred years hence, what graveyards may not be cut up for balloon depots? And our houses and fixtures, if we have them, how remorselessly will they be thrown down to make "improvements!" Our papers, with what appetite will the maw of some machine digest them and turn them out again, unsoiled and ready to run a new goose quill gauntlet, unless, perchance, a steam process of writing be invented! Our, "counterfeit presentments," duly depicted on canvas, may stop gaps in stables, or make cradles for kittens, notwithstanding the affection of wives and daughters, and mothers and sisters for them, is equalled only by the love they bear for the original. I could weep to think of these things, only that my tears would evaporate long enough before a hundred years hence.

By the way, of tears, a query. They are salt, as every body knows who has shed them in such an abundance that the stream has found a mouth in the mouth proper of the face; and who has not thus drank tears? Who that has passed blubbering infancy, has not, during that eventful period, when indulging in a hearty caterwall, taken a bee root in his music to wonder at the discovery, and then set out afresh to pump out new tears from the saline fountain? Will people have learned, a hundred years hence, to make salt from the evaporation of tears—or will weeping be out of fashion?

Heaven send kissing may not. I speak as a dear lover of posterity, for if our descendants be foolish enough to cease so rational a salutation, I could take no comfort in walking earth, if to ghosts it be permitted. A week since, my lips smacked from sympathy—don't misunderstand—no person, man woman, or child, was within arm's length of me. The case was thus. I was fellow passenger with a taciturn gentleman in a stage coach. Not a word would he utter, farther than a begrudged monosyllable. His silence seemed very reprehensible, but subsequent events excused it proving as they did, that his dumbness was occasioned by anticipation of such a greeting as I would go to either pole in pursuit of. The stage stopped in Salem. He had evidently been a long while away, for he depended upon the driver to point out his house—and the coach stopped so far short of it, that the noise did not rouse the inmates. He rang, the door opened, and a broad stream of light beamed out into the night, while by contrast with the darkness outside the door, one might from the stage count the straws in the entry mat. The little black wench who opened shouted aloud for joy, and then ran down the entry as if she feared, instead of welcomed. In an instant, as the whistle of Rhoderick Dhu called his clansmen from bush and rock, some dozen ladies and gentlemen shot into the entry from side and end, from chamber and parlor. The first in the race, of whose face I snatched only a glance, threw herself *up on*—not upon; he stood six feet to her four—and kissed like—like—like lightning. Her lips fairly smothered his expressions of pleasure, while she did not undertake to say a word. While she was swinging round and round, up came another and another, and all alike, were deadly bent at skinning his face. Such a scene! I will make it a point to ride to Salem whenever I hear of the return of a Salem man, captain, mate or foremast hand, for, certes, if there be aught of witchery left in that ancient town, it abides in the lips of the spinsters thereof.

"Are you sick?" said a stage fellow.
"No," I answered. "Why?"
"You groaned as if you were in pain."

So I was. I would have given the world to have changed places with the lucky recipient of those burning favors. Will they kiss thus, a hundred years hence? If they do not, or if kissing be less now than of yore, then is the doctrine of deterioration proved. Opining that there cannot, than this, be a better stopping-place, here I smack off. H. H. W.

BOUNDLESSNESS OF CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificancy of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all insignificancy; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beyond all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisible; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomers have unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

WASHINGTON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;—
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!
Rome had its Cesar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on,
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?
He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right, by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.
No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.
England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath, that sighed, "Farewell for evermore."
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell;
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly o'er—
But bear me from my own fair land—to that of Washington.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF OLD STOCK.

A pedlar of tin ware, who had been travelling from plantation to plantation with his cargo of "notions," found but a limited sale for his lanterns, an article of which he had a large stock. In despair of getting rid of them at what he called, "a very reduced price," yet, he found purchasers as scarce as clover in sand hills. At length a tavern-keeper directed him to a farmer, who he said, was very much in want of the article. To the house of this ready customer went Jonathan, determined to get his trouble's worth out of him. The first person he met was the overseer, who was lounging by the side of the road. "You don't want to buy a lantern, do ye?" asked Jonathan. "Yes though I reckon I do," returned the overseer—"how much mought you ask for one?" "Only thirty-seven and a half cents." "Well, 'spose you gin me one." The pedlar accordingly gave him a lantern, and receiving his money proceeded onwards.

"You don't want to buy a first rate lantern, do you?" said he to the overseer's wife, who was washing clothes at the spring. "Yes," was the reply, "Mr. B. has been wanting one this long while." Jonathan accordingly served her out one at the same price he had bargained with her husband for. At the barn, before he reached the farm house, he met the son of the planter—"You don't want to buy no lanterns, do you?" I don't want one myself," replied the young man, "but I'll take one for father, who has been after one this long while." Jonathan accordingly pocketed another thirty-seven and a half cents, and became one lantern lighter.

He now advanced boldly up to the house, and meeting the old lady at the door, immediately put the question to her—"You don't want to buy no first rate lanterns, do you?" "Indeed but I do," said the old lady, "My husband has been wanting one these six months past—and I am glad you've come." Jonathan accordingly deposited a lantern with her, and received in return another thirty-seven and a half cents.

He now departed, almost satisfied with the *spec* he had made. At some distance from the house, in a field by the side of the road, he espied the old gentleman himself, and hailed him with the old question, "You don't want to buy no first rate lanterns, do you?" "How much do you ask a piece," inquired the planter. "Fifty cents," replied the pedlar; "and I guess that's cheap enough, considerin' they've come all the way from Connecticut." "Well, I'll take one"—said the old gentleman, putting his hand in his pocket. "Hadn't you better take half a dozen?" asked Jonathan, "there's no knowing when a tin merchant may pass this way again. If you'll take a half a dozen, I'll let you have them for thirty-seven and a half cents a-piece." The planter took him at his word—and the pedlar took to his route after having disposed of ten lanterns.

TERROR OF OXEN AT A LION.

We were often exposed to danger from lions, which, from the scarcity of water, frequent the pools of fountains, and some of our number had some hair breadth escapes. One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the 'Oop River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard; our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and Hymn-books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, and brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a fire-brand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of an oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monster is perceived, they start like race horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found. The number of lions may be easily accounted for, when it is remembered how thinly scattered the inhabitants are, and, indeed, the whole appearance of the country impresses the mind with the idea that it is only fit for beasts of prey. The people seem to drag out a miserable existence, wandering from place to place in quest of grass, game, or wild roots. Those I had met with had, from infancy, been living a no-made life, with one great object in view, to keep soul and body together.

"A region of drought, where no river glides
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round
Spread—void of living sight or sound."
[*Moffatt's Travels.*

SHOPPING.

An unhappy, "dry goods" clerk gives vent to his sorrows in a long communication in the Norfolk Beacon. When he comes to descant upon the trouble ladies give him by asking for everything but what they want, his griefs overcome him, and his soul gushes forth in poetical numbers.

My friend "*Bob*" told me that t'other day a most irresistible creature softly glided up to his counter, whose movements were so gentle that she appeared the impersonification of some angel vision he has often seen revel through his midnight fancy. When, after the usual solicitations were exchanged:

Goods after goods were exposed to her view,
Prints, laces and silks—at her call;
Thirty patterns she took—the *Lord* knows for who!
When the strings of her huge indispensable drew,
With the priceof each marked on all.

Have you any gloves? (mark the question she made)
Those for gentlemen quickly were shown—
"*Ladies', sir, if you please*"—and long whites were displayed;
"Oh, the short ones"—short English before her were laid:
But "Lord! *French, sir,*" next was the tune.

French kid, still unmoved, Bobby drew from a case,
Where they lay packed superbly together;
But soon had to wish them well back in their place,
When for *Silk*, she exclaimed with a wonderful face,
Silk—Lord, bless me! you see these are leather!

Bobby now stood aghast—twenty others the while
Roar'd for goods like a batting host—
The counter was heaped to a terrible pile,
His countenance lost its accustomed smile,
And his patience now gave up the ghost.

Moral.

Were ever poor mortals like shop-keepers curst?
Why, in Lucifer's name, could she not ask at first,
For Ladies' *short, white, French Silk Gloves!*

WITCHCRAFT.—Judge Blackstone never found himself more embarrassed than in treating upon the subject of witchcraft in his Commentaries. Dr. Grey, in his notes on Hudibras, mention that Hopkins, the noted witchfinder, hanged 60 suspected witches in one year; and he cites Hutchinson on Witchcraft, for the dreadful number of 30,000 that were burnt within 150 years. The humane Judge Barrington likewise relates many horrid particulars, with excellent remarks, in his Observations on the Statutes. Howell, in one of his letters, dated 1647, says, that in two years there were indicted, in Suffolk and Essex only between 200 and 300 witches, of whom more than one half were executed. It was not, indeed, until towards the conclusion of the 17th century, that this infamous superstition began at all to abate.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

All memorials of the Father of his Country are interesting to Americans; but those are doubly so which illustrate traits in his character, not generally understood. Of this description is the one which we annex below, written while Washington was in command of the Revolutionary Army. It was read at a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, and the original is now deposited among the papers of the Society. It shows that vein of humor which is the relief of well balanced minds, when occupied with weighty responsibility.

Dr. Doct: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will.

It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon, to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot—and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, and this I presume he will attempt to do to-morrow, we have two beef stake pyes, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing, the distance between dish and dish, to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve apart.

Of late, we had the surprising luck to discover, that apples will make pyes, and it's a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates—once tin, but now iron, (not become so by the labor of scowering,) I shall be happy to see them.

I am, Dr. Dr. yr. most obed. servt.
Go. WASHINGTON.
(Superscribed) Dr. Cochran, New Windsor.

A KIND-HEARTED JUDGE.

We have heard a capital story told of a judge in the interior of Alabama, whose decision, in a case of great perplexity, has won for him a name for goodness of nature the greatest law dispensers in our land might envy.

A case was going on involving many intricate questions of law; and while the lawyers on either side were engaged in fortifying their points, and rendering perfectly clear the justice of their clients' claims, one of the spectators quietly laid himself down upon a bench in the court-room, and after settling himself into an easy position on his back soon fell asleep.

He was a most inveterate snorer. The cause went on and the snoring continued in court, and the judge sat uneasily upon his seat. From very goodness of disposition he did not wish to break the man's nap; and upon referring to authorities in his mind, and hastily glancing over a few pages, where "disturbances" are defined, with his eye, he found the statutes and common law of Alabama gave him no positive jurisdiction—there was no enactment "made and provided" for such cases.

Still, louder and louder, the nasal notes continued. The judge was in a quandary—the decorum of the court was fast losing itself. Wound up, finally, to a pitch of desperation entirely unwonted for him, the judge beckoned for the sheriff. "Go to that gentleman on the bench there, Mr. Sheriff," said he, pointing at the same time to the snorer, "go to that gentleman and quietly and carefully *turn him over!* I am extremely reluctant to run any risk of disturbing or waking him, but if that snoring continues, this honorable court will itself be fast asleep in ten minutes!"—*Pic.*

SAGACITY AND AFFECTION OF A HORSE.—The Charlottesville (Va.) Advocate of the 8th inst., gives the following account of the sagacity evinced by, and affection manifested for, his owner, by a horse. In reading the account, one is at a loss whether to refer the sagacity to reason, or to instinct; but sure we are, that whether it be the result of the one faculty or the other, man, with all his self-assumed superiority over the animal kingdom, could not have evinced a feeling more akin to the holiest affection than that displayed by the horse in question:

"The following incident narrated to us by a friend who witnessed it is a striking evidence of the value of that noble animal—the horse. On Sunday evening last our informant, in company with a friend, whilst walking a short distance from town, on one of our public roads, had his attention arrested by a horse who was standing very cautiously on three legs, and over the prostrate body of his rider, who, in a fit of intoxication, had fallen from his seat to the ground, and in such a position as to present his breast to the uplifted fore foot of the animal. Approaching cautiously it was perceived that the horse's position was a very uncomfortable one. He was standing with obvious uneasiness on three feet, with the other carefully raised from the body of the man, whilst occasionally, as if in search of some rest for it, he would gently lower his foot until it came into contact with the body, when he would immediately raise it again. He stood perfectly still until his master was rescued from his perilous position, when he placed his foot on the ground, to his obvious relief."

☞ Why is a wooden pavement like an omnibus? Because it *blocks* up the street.

The Farmer.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU PLANT.

We cannot well exercise too much caution in the selection of seed—particularly of those varieties upon which we are forced mainly to depend for sustenance, and which, in this region, constitute with the agricultural classes, the veritable "staff of life."

All grains are susceptible of improvement. They are also liable to deteriorate, and either of these results may be effected by modes and practices of culture and selection. The careful farmer will ever be sedulous to effect improvements, while the idle and remiss will be guided by that unscrupulosity and unconcernedness which have ever been and which will ever be the greatest hindrances in the advancement of the farming art.

Scarcely a vegetable is now known to our farmers and gardeners, that can be found in a natural state. Wheat is a factitious creation, and so are barley, rye, and hemp. Rice and oats, also, are never found wild. They are, together with the aforementioned grains, the result of culture, graduated upon principles of science and enlightened truth, and are therefore wholly unknown except in those regions where civilization has, at some time or other, diffused its emending light.

The potatoe—one of the most valuable, and perhaps salutary of all our edible esculents, is a native of Chili and Montevideo, and is there a small, bitter and disgustingly nauseous root. Cabbage, Celery and Asparagus, likewise, owe their present reputation and consequence in the vegetable world, simply to the effects of art. In their natural state, they are wholly worthless for purposes of food, either to man or beast.

The apple—the pear, the peach, plum and apricot equally attest the force of artistic efforts in improving and ameliorating the wild insipid fruits of nature—the products of the "silent and unpeopled wastes," in whose depths, to adopt the language of a distinguished poet—

"The rank soil yields the uncultured fruit,
Which art and fancy may improve,
Until each primal trait is lost,
And to a vineyard springs the grove."

The same result, precisely, is witnessed in the Floral kingdom. Not only have the various species of flowers been greatly improved, in various instances, but there are cases in which they may almost be said to have been created. That they are susceptible of wonderful and almost incredible improvement, no one who has witnessed the results of art, will for a moment doubt. Nor is this all. In the animal kingdom we have witnessed results, which, in the days of old Cotton Mather, would have condemned the person who had been instrumental in their consummation, to the dungeon, or, more probably, to the stake. Let us, therefore, since improvement in every department of the farming art is so easy of accomplishment, set about it without delay, and make our first effort this spring, if we have never attempted it before.

AGRICULTURAL CLUBS.

A Farmer's Club has been formed by our friends near Wilmington, Del., on a somewhat novel plan. It consists of twelve members only, who meet on the first Tuesday of each month, at the house of one of the members in rotation, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when "an examination," says the Delaware Gazette, "is made by the club of all that pertains to the farm, stock and cultivation of their host—his fields, his fences, farming utensils, mode of applying manure, rotation of crops, &c., &c. The conveniences and accommodations of his farm house, barn, piggery and poultry yard, are all matters of observation and discussion. At an early hour a plain farmer's dinner tests the thrift and cookery of his *better half*—her bread and butter, her savory meats and pies, well fatted poultry, her cheese, milk and cream, rich, fresh and cool from the just admired dairy, all afford practical themes at the dinner for discussion of their merits, and of woman's worth; as far as practicable, the products of the farm are required to be used for this part of the entertainment. Politics and political matters are at no time alluded to or admitted. After dinner, agricultural subjects are discussed, and experiments reported; agricultural works and journals exchanged, noxious weeds noticed, and all the agricultural improvements and publications since the last meeting are passed upon and reviewed—seeds, plants, new grains, &c., distributed—the entertaining member for the next month is agreed upon, and the club adjourns *always early* to attend to the *feeding and foddering at home*, before dark. The gentlemen who compose this club, consist of Messrs. Bryan Jackson, C. P. Holcombe, John W. Andrews, Jesse Gregg, Samuel Canby, Henry Dupont, J. Boies, J. W. Thomson, Francis Sawden, William Boulden, George Lodge, and Major Joseph Carr."—*Baltimore Farmer.*

A NEW POTATOE.—"Mons. A. Husson, of this city," says the New Haven Farmer's Gazette, "has a beautiful variety of the Potatoe, called the Duck Bill, which he brought from France, and thinks may be cultivated here to advantage. He represents them as being great bearers—having last year obtained from one bushel of seed, 31 bushels. From one hill, where but *one* potatoe was planted, he dug *ninety nine.* We had a sample of those potatoes last fall, and they proved to be a rich variety."

The Olio.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—At a temperance meeting recently held in Alabama, Col. Lehmanowsky, who had been twenty three years a soldier in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience, tall, erect, vigorous, with the glow of health in his face, and said:—"You see before you a man seventy-nine years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of Heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt, I have marched for days, with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and with thirst so tormenting that I have tore open the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how could I survive all these horrors? I answer that, next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, *that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life*—and" he continued, "Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it as a fact, that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

THE DANGERS OF A GAMING TABLE.—Perhaps the most unhappy event that can befall a person who visits a gaming table for the first time, is that he should retire from it a winner. There seems so little reason why that which has already been done should not with equal facility be repeated, that it is all but a certainty that the unfortunate player will make the attempt. Two gentlemen strolled one night into a Paris gaming house, neither of them being players, and intent, therefore, only on gratifying an idle curiosity. One of them, after looking on for some time, threw out a bait to Lady Fortune for three or four Napoleons. She was kind; and in less than half an hour his pockets were crammed with gold. He wisely resolved to march off with the spoil, and with that laudable intention he asked the dealer to exchange his gold for notes. After receiving 4500 francs in paper, there still remained three unlucky Napoleons. "Let's see what I can do with these," cried the possessor. He tried and lost them. That was provoking! Resolved to recover them, he changed one of his notes—then another; and in less than ten minutes he left the room without a franc in his purse. Reflecting on the difficulty of leaving the gaming table a winner, he never played again.

LAUGHABLE ADVENTURE.—Not long since, a reverend clergyman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of the snow upon the roof of the barn might do some damage, resolved to prevent it by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the sow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and giving the other to his wife, he went to work; but fearing still for his safety, "my dear," said he, "tie the rope round your waist;" no sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all; up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn, the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman luckily passing by, delivered them from their perilous situation.

"THE GIRL AND THE PHILOSOPHER."

As Kate went tripping up the town,
(No lassie e'er looked prettier,)
An "unco chiel" in cap and gown
(No mortal e'er looked grittier)
Accosted Kitty in the street
As she was going to cross over
And robbed her of a kiss—the cheat!—
Saying "I'm a philosopher!"
"A what?" said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over;
"Are you! Oh, phi!" and off she sped,
Whilst he bewailed the "los oph-er!"
London Lit. Gaz.

NEW MODE OF LIONIZING.—A Liverpool paper tells a laughable joke about a menagerie man. Constables were after him for debt, and he got into the cage with the lion! Their consternation may be imagined when he politely informed them that he preferred the company of the lion of the forest to the lions of the law, and that it was his intention to remain where he was until after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when, according to law, their authority (for the time being) ceased. Threats and persuasions were alike unavailing; all that they could obtain from him, was the assurance that if they wanted him *they might come and take him!*

NEGRO SHREWDNESS.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why me ask what news at sea—dat's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know, he no been dar dese *tree* weeks!"

INTELLIGENCE.—The intelligence of some boys in financial matters, speaks volumes as to the daily burthen of men's conversation. We stopped one yesterday, says the New Orleans Bulletin, who was leading a fine mastiff—fierce in look, powerful in muscle, and very probably dangerous, as he was closely muzzled. "What's that dog's name?" asked we. "He isn't named yet," said the boy, but I *want* to call him "Bank-note," for though he runs at every body else, he won't *go-at-pa!*"

A SKETCH OF ESPARTERO.—Espartero is a smart little fellow about forty-five years of age, adored by the army, and, in fact, Spain's sheet anchor at the present moment. He suffers severely from spitting of blood, which frequently comes on when he is commanding his troops; and I have seen him dismount, throw off a quantity of blood, remount, and say "Now my boys, I'm all ready for you again," and away he gallops as though nothing had happened.

A MONK, wishing to show his learning, preached on that passage of the Gospel where it is said that the servants of the high priest, during the trial of the Saviour, warmed themselves by the fire. "My brethren," said the preacher, "ye are to notice that the evangelist is not content to mention this circumstance as an historian only; "they warmed themselves;" but like a philosopher, he gives a reason for it, "because they were cold!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Group after group are gathering. Such as pressed
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade.—
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat.
Oft with a chastened glance, in modulation sweet.

INDIAN HUMOR.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y—— to the chief of the Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieved me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ay, yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we indians use a great deal of whiskey but we do not *make it.*"

PRETTY WOMEN.—The Boston Post, says:—Of all other views a man may in time grow tired, is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. "The divine right of beauty," says Junius, is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only *tyrant* he is not authorized to resist."

A HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE.—The editor of the Genesee Farmer, being advised to practice riding on horseback, as a medicine, and believing in Homœopathic doses, took a journey to Ohio, and rode *two thousand* miles, as an experiment. The result, we are glad to learn, has proved *satisfactory.*

PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES—*Filial Affection.*—"Jim, how's your ma?" "She's fat and strong—how's yours?" "Feeble enough. I've got so that I can lick her now, and have every thing my own way. You don't see me goin' errands and doin' chores about home like you used to!"

LORD BROUGHAM said that England was under recognizances to keep the peace in the sum of £800,000,000, the amount of her national debt. Alison says that the immense debt under which England now staggers is inconsistent with the maintenance of the national independence.

A LOVE OF READING is one of the passions, which, like all other passions not so good, grows by what it feeds on; and that parent who can, and does not furnish the means of whetting an appetite so salutary, when well directed, is guilty of the grossest injustice to his children.

A CURIOUS FACT.—Make a string that will reach just twice round the neck of a lady, let her hold the two ends between her teeth, and then if the noose will slip over her head to the back of her neck, it is a certain indication that she is married—or ought to be.

THERE are three kinds of praise; that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.—*Lacon.*

FREQUENTLY ask yourself *what* you have done, *why* you have done it, and *how* you have done it. This will teach you to inspect, first, your actions; second, your motives; and third, the manner in which you discharge your duty.

GIRLS, remember that the man who bows, smiles, and says many soft things has no genuine love; while he who loves most sincerely struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING CISTERN CEMENT.—Ashes two parts, three parts clay, one part sand, mixed with oil, it will make a cement as hard as marble, and impenetrable by water for ever.

CASSINI calculated the heat of the comet seen in 1702, at 2000 times greater than red-hot iron. Query how soon would it have boiled an egg?

THREE things are only proved on three occasions: We can only prove valor in time of war, wisdom in anger, and friendship in time of need.

THE MORAL universe is governed by love and fear, but we should fear God through love—not love him through fear.

STORMS AND FLOODS.

If, during the continuance of Storms and Floods, the channels of

OUR MIGHTY RIVERS

become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be

OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD.

In like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys and Bowels, (the natural outlets for

USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS)

become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS;

we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be

OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE.

As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, in order that there may be no hindrance to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

will be found one of the best if not the very

BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD

for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely CLEANSE THE STOMACH & BOWELS FROM ALL BILIOUS HUMORS, and other impurity, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the natural drains are opened, DISEASE

OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY

DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.

The following letters which have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability will show conclusively that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most

VALLUABLE MEDICINE,

and their fame is rapidly extending to every part of the Union.

Extract of a letter from Lawrenceville, Monroe Co., ARKANSAS.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Monroe Co., Arkansas, Dec. 10, 1842.

Doct. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Having become acquainted with your most excellent PILLS (via. INDIAN VEGETABLE) by experience, I take the liberty to write to you on the present occasion by way of suggesting the propriety of being constituted Agent for this State to dispose of them.

In 1841 I was prostrated with the congestive fever in East Florida, and often having been ill with the first attack and a severe relapse, I was necessitated to repair to New York for the recovery of my health, being much debilitated I tried different Physicians and as many medicines, but all to no purpose, I found my liver much affected and Dyspepsia setting in with its worst form; I began to think my case was hopeless. I concluded to resort to travelling; accordingly I left the city of Albany, New York, for Cincinnati, Ohio. On my way through New York State, I chanced to come across one of your Agents at Newark on the Erie Canal; I read one of your advertisements, purchased a box of Pills, and TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT FOUND MYSELF partially RECOVERED; on my arrival at Buffalo I purchased some more of your Agent there,—at Cleaveland, Ohio, visited your Agent, the dry good merchant—talked with him and took several boxes: *I soon found myself a well man, and concluded to return to my profession, viz: A Travelling Methodist Preacher.*

I accordingly came on to St. Louis, and from there to Helena, Arkansas, where I joined the Arkansas Conference and assigned to Lawrenceville Mission on St. Francis and White Rivers, near the mouths of the same.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant. W. H. HOVER.

TABBER'S BROOK, N. J., Sept. 3d, 1841.

Doctor Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Your travelling agent was here, a short time since, and left with me two dozen boxes of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which I have already sold, although they had never been introduced in our neighborhood before. I at first prevailed on a friend of mine, who had been affected with the Dyspepsia and Rheumatism in the head, for the last two years, to make trial of them. He had previously tried various medicines, but never obtained any relief until he made use of your Indian Vegetable Pills. After using one box, he said he felt like a new man, and now having used two more boxes, he considers himself a SOUND MAN.

Yours respectfully, &c. J. INGERSOLL.

FRANKFORT, Ross Co., Ohio, Aug. 13, 1842.

Dear Sir—The Pills, that I purchased of you last April have sold far better than I anticipated. I think by the time I visit your city again which will be in a few months, I will have sold out entirely. They have not only effected cures in diseases that seemed to baffle the best medical skill in the country, but numerous individuals here bless the day that the undersigned introduced Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills into the neighborhood. I can get, if you think it necessary, several very valuable certificates of cures. One old lady in particular, who has been afflicted several years with consumption, commenced taking the Pills a short time since, and is now nearly restored to health. Several cases of Dyspepsia, have also been entirely cured by your TRULY EXCELLENT INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

In order to give them a more general circulation, and thereby extend their usefulness, I have made arrangements with a gentleman in a neighboring town, who has promised to use his best efforts to promote their sale. You will therefore please send another supply, shipped to my address, Chillicothe, care of Mr. Dixon Fullerton.

Faithfully, yours, W. J. F. DAILY.

To Wm. Wright, V. P. of the N. A. Coll. of Health.

N. B.—The original letters from which the above has been copied, together with others of a similar character, may be seen by calling at the office and general depot, No. 169 RACE street. Those who honestly entertain any doubts as to the wonderful goodness of this singular medicine, are earnestly invited to come and read for themselves.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all the authorized agents are provided with a CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY, signed by WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Falck, *are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to *ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

N. B.—The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Mr. J. W. Ringler, grocer, Reading, Pa., and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILA.; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston. Also for sale by the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, No. 90 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.* ap 29 3m

PRINTERS' and BINDERS' WAREROOMS, Nos 29 and 31 GOLD Street, New York, APRIL, 1843.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

The "HOE" PRINTING PRESS MACHINE AND SAW MANUFACTORY, in consequence of the addition of new and improved machinery to their work, and the reduction in the cost of materials and labor, are enabled greatly to reduce the prices of their Presses, and of Printers' and Binders' materials generally, as will be seen by their newly printed circular, to which they beg leave to refer.

This establishment is still under the personal superintendence of RICHARD M. HOE & ROBERT HOE and they assure their friends that notwithstanding the great reduction in prices, all articles manufactured by this establishment shall retain the high reputation which they have hitherto sustained. It will also be their constant endeavor to improve the quality of them in every particular. They flatter themselves, also, that their old friends will not only continue their favors but that Printers generally will appreciate their endeavors to furnish the very best articles at barely remunerating prices.

Orders from any part of the country for all articles used by Printers or Binders including Type, Ink, Paper, &c., will be executed with the greatest care and promptitude and on the best terms.

Jobbing work and repairing will be done at the lowest possible prices, with every attention and expedition.

N. B.—All articles manufactured by this establishment will be stamped R. HOE & Co., so that persons from abroad may not be imposed upon with spurious articles, made in imitation of theirs. my 6 4t

☞ Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement, with this note, three times before the first of July next, and send one of their papers to us, will be entitled to payment of their bill on buying four times the amount.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND USE SHERMAN'S TOOTH PASTE.—Over 2500 pots are sold every month. The doctor defies all the world to make so good a dentifrice. It cleans and whitens the Teeth, keeps them from aching and decay, hardens the gums and sweetens the breath.

The Sultan of Muscat has recommended SHERMAN'S Lozenges to his subjects as the pleasantest and best medicine in use.

The Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of the McDougall Street Church, recommended them to his congregation. The Consul Lozenges cured him of a very bad cough in a few hours.

Mr. Edward Phalon, the celebrated hair dresser, No. 214 Broadway, has known SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES cure dozens of persons of sea sickness in a few minutes. They are a perfect preventive and remedy for headache, palpitation, lowness of spirits, despondency, etc.

Daniel M. Frye, Esq., clerk to the Upper Police Office, has used SHERMAN'S Lozenges in his family for four years with the greatest benefit; never failing to cure the worst cases of coughs, colds, headache, worms, etc.

Jim Grant, State bailer, No. 4 Ann street, has found more benefit from SHERMAN'S Lozenges than any thing else. He has known more than fifty of his friends who have been cured of coughs or headaches by them. He thinks they are the greatest medicine in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Dow, Jr., says SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES are a wonderful medicine. They have saved the lives of several of his children, when all other means failed. They are in fact the universal Worm Destroying Medicine of the age. He has also found SHERMAN'S PAPILLARY OIL a sovereign remedy. Any lady can be cured by it, no matter how sore her nipples are, without taking the child from the breast. Warehouse 106 NASSAU street, New York, and No. 3 LEDGER BUILDINGS, Philadelphia, Daniel Robinson, Harrisburg, Geib & Fisher, Lancaster, J. V. Lambert, Reading, W. B. Ziebel, Washington, D. C., J. A. Reed, Baltimore. ap 29 4t

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SALE OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South-West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 243 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior PLATE, PIVOT, MOLAR, RECESSION and GUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, whole sale and retail, equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of DENTAL INSTRUMENTS now in use, comprising PEARL, GOLD MOUNTED MIRRORS, SCISSORS KEYS, MOUTH GLASSES, DRILL BOWS, etc. etc. PEARL, AGATE, and IVORY, GOLD and SILVER MOUNTED INSTRUMENTS, for all necessary purposes, of all qualities GOLD and SILVER PLATE and WIRE. BALLS of AGATE and JONES GOLD and TIN FOIL. LATHES, EMERY WHEELS (a first rate article for grinding teeth.) DENTAL FILES of various descriptions. Compressed HICKORY PIVOTS. TOOTH POWDER, BRUSHES, etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select tooth according to order. dec 31-6m

P. S. DENTAL CASES carefully put up to order.

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons, who call on my manufacturer, teeth of their own production.*

PAPER HANGINGS VERY CHEAP.

THE attention of those who intend having Papering done during the season, is very respectfully invited to the large assortment of Paper Hangings, Borders, Fire Board Figures, etc. etc., now on hand by the subscriber, which he offers for sale at prices very low for cash. Included in the above assortment is a large variety of the most beautiful styles of French, with every other style of paper for Parlors, Halls, Staircases, etc. Dining Rooms and Chambers, Papers of every variety and quality. Wholesale dealers and others will find it to their advantage to call.

N. B. Paper Hangers whose work will be warranted, and sent to any part of the country at the lowest possible prices.

JOHN FINN.

No. 173 Chesnut street, North side, above 5th street, opposite the State House. mar 4 3m

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.—IMPROVEMENT in whatever regards the happiness and welfare of our race is constantly on the march to perfection, and with each succeeding day some new problem is solved, or some profound secret revealed, having an important and direct bearing over man's highest destinies. If we take a retrospective view over the past twenty years, how is the mind struck with wonder! What rapid strides has science made in every department of civilized life! particularly in that which relates to the knowledge of the human system in health and disease. How valuable and indispensable are the curative means recently discovered through the agency of chemistry! How does the imagination kindle and our admiration glow at the ingenuity, the near approach to the standard of perfection of the present time! Through the elaborate investigations of Physiology or the science of Life, and the Pathology of prevalent diseases, much valuable practical knowledge has been gained. In consequence of becoming acquainted with the organization, the elements of the various tissues and structures of the system, remedies have been sought after and discovered exactly adapted to combine with, neutralize and expel morbific matter, the cause of disease, and substitute healthy action in its place. The beautiful simplicity of this mode of treatment is not only suggested by the pathology of diseases, not only grateful to the sufferer, but perfectly in consonance with the operations of Nature, and satisfactory to the views and reasonings of every intelligent, reflecting mind. It is thus that SAND'S SARSAPARILLA, a scientific combination of essential principles of the most valuable vegetable substances, operates upon the system. The Sarsaparilla is combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom; and its unprecedented success in the restoration of health of those who had long pined under the most distressing chronic maladies, has given it an exalted character, furnishing, as it does, evidence of its own intrinsic value, and recommending it to the afflicted in terms the afflicted only can know. It has long been a most important desideratum in the practice of medicine to obtain a remedy similar to this—one that would act on the liver, stomach and bowels with all the precision and potency of mineral preparations, yet without any of their deleterious effects upon the vital powers of the system.

The attention of the reader is respectfully called to the following certificates. However great achievements have heretofore been made by the use of this invaluable medicine, yet daily experience shows results still more remarkable. The proprietors here avail themselves of the opportunity of saying it is a source of constant satisfaction that they are made the means of relieving such an amount of suffering.

READ ALL YE AFFLICTED!! MORE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SAND'S SARSAPARILLA!!!

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17th, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gents: Although personally unacquainted, I feel myself under many obligations, having recently been cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla, of a most distressing malady. For the past five years I have suffered from violent palpitation of the heart, connected with a severe pain in the side, disease of the liver, and general derangement of the digestive organs; my whole nervous system was prostrated, the citadel of life itself attacked, and I despaired of ever being cured. Notwithstanding the best medical treatment and the use of all the ordinary remedies prescribed in such cases, I found myself fast verging toward eternity. Judge, then, of my surprise and delight when I read of the remarkable effects produced by your invaluable Sarsaparilla. Hope opening up afresh, I resolved to make one more trial, and immediately procured some of the Sarsaparilla of your agent, S. P. Thompson. The result is as unexpected as it was unlooked for; to my lasting comfort and satisfaction I pronounce these words, "*I am well.*" Yes, gentlemen, well; and oh that this language might resound in the ear of the afflicted to the uttermost parts of the earth, for the afflicted alone can appreciate the value of such medicine. For the benefit of suffering humanity, I communicate these facts, and only desire the fame of your medicine may spread as far as its real merits deserve.

GEO. ROE, No. 207, South Second street.

NEWARK, N. J. Dec. 13 1842.

Messrs. Sands: Gents—Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for your treatment to me, a stranger suffering under one of the most loathsome diseases that nature is capable of bearing. The disease with which I was afflicted commenced with inflammation of the eyes, in the year 1826, which caused almost total blindness. For this I was treated and finally relieved, but the remedies were such as to cause the development of a scrofulous affection on my left arm near the elbow.

The pain extended from the shoulder to the end of my fingers, and for two years my sufferings were beyond description. I tried various remedies, and consulted different physicians in New York, and amongst them the late Dr Bushe, who told me the disease of the arm was caused by the large quantity of mercury taken to cure the inflammation of the eyes.

My sufferings continued, the arm enlarged, tumors formed in different places, and in a few months discharged, making ten running ulcers at one time, some above and some below the elbow, and the discharge was so offensive that no person could bear to be in the room where I was. I then applied to another distinguished physician, who told me amputation of the arm was the only thing that could save my life, as it was impossible to cure so dreadful a disease; but as I was unwilling to consent to it, he recommended me to use Swaim's Panacea freely, which I did without deriving but little benefit. For three years I was unable to raise my hand to my head, or comb my hair, and the scrofula now made its appearance on my head, destroying the bone in different places causing extensive ulcerations, and I feared it might reach and destroy the brain—the head swelled very much, accompanied with violent pain; numerous external remedies were recommended, but they did no good.

About a year since I was taken severely ill with a swelling of the body from head to foot, so that I was entirely helpless; the doctor advised me to go to the Hospital, for he did not understand my case; for the last few months I had been afflicted with a severe pain in both sides, at times so hard I could scarcely get my breath. A hacking cough constantly annoyed me, and this combined with my other maladies, rendered me truly miserable. Such, gentlemen, had been my situation for seven years of my life when I commenced the use of your Sarsaparilla, but as my case was considered hopeless, and the near prospect of a speedy dissolution seemed inevitable I felt but little encouragement to persevere. The persuasion of friends induced me to try your medicine, which in a few days produced a great change in my system generally, by causing an appetite, relieving the pains, and giving me strength; as success inspires confidence I was encouraged to persevere, my pains grew easier, my strength returned, food relished, the ulcers healed, new flesh formed, and I once more felt within me that I might get well. I have now used the Sarsaparilla about two months, and am like a different being. The arm that *was to be amputated* has entirely healed, a thing that seemed impossible. I can scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but such is the fact; and it is now as useful as at any period of my life, and my general health is better than it has been for years past.

Health; what magic in the word! how many thousands have sought it in foreign lands and sunny climes, and have sought in vain! Yet it came to me when I had given up to die, and as I feel the pulsations of health coursing through my veins, my whole heart and soul go forth in fervent gratitude to the author of all our sure mercies, that he has been graciously pleased to bless the means made use of. Truly have you proved yourself the good Samaritan to the afflicted, for next to my Creator, my life is indebted to you (or rather) the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. The value of such a medicine is countless beyond price; money cannot pay for it. I have been raised from death. I may say, for my friends and myself thought it impossible I could recover. And now gentlemen, suffer me to add another proof certified to by my friends and guardians as a just acknowledgment of the virtues of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. That the afflicted may also use it and enjoy the benefits it alone can confer, is the heartfelt, fervent wish of their and your friend. MARTHA CONLIN.

I know Martha Conlin and believe what she states in this document to be perfectly true. JOHN POWER. VICAR GENERAL OF NEW YORK, Rector of St. Peter's Church. Given at New York this 14th day of Dec. 1842.

I know Martha Conlin, and have known of her suffering illness. JOHN DUBOIS, Bishop of New York.

I place full confidence in the statement made by Martha Conlin, having known her for the past twenty years. I will cheerfully give any particulars in relation to her case to those who may wish further information. Sr. ELIZABETH, Superior of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Prince street, New York. Dec. 14, 1842.

I have confidence in the representations made by Martha Conlin, and have full knowledge of her case. ELIJAH F. PURDY, Alderman 10th Ward of the City of New York. Dec. 14, 1842.

Martha Conlin has lived in my family the last thirteen years, and I hereby certify the foregoing statement made by herself is correct. Mrs. MARY B. LLOYD, No. 604 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

NEW YORK, August 2, 1842.

Messrs Sands—Gentlemen: Under a feeling sense of gratitude inherent to us all when suddenly relieved from suffering and disease, I now, as an act of justice due to you, and with a view of relieving the afflicted make known to the world the inestimable benefit I have received from the use of your Sarsaparilla. In the year 1832 I sailed from England in a vessel bound for Quebec, and while on the passage first discovered the disease which after proved to be a sore affliction; and truly I can say, 'from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot there was no soundness in me.' From the time first mentioned down until the present, a period of more than ten years I have suffered all that human nature was capable of bearing. I have been under the care of the most distinguished physicians, both in this country and England, visited Bath, Cheltenham, Bristol and Gloucester, tried various specifics among others a large quantity of Swaim's Panacea, used sulphur baths, etc. etc. As a last resort I was induced to wrap myself in a tarpaulin, kept myself secluded, shunned by all, save if also shunning. I was induced to believe my case a hopeless one.

In August last by the advice of friends, I went to the New York City Hospital, but was there told that my case was incurable. The disease now enveloped my whole body, rendering me almost helpless; the skin thickened and cracked, and blood and matter ran, and life itself became almost a burden. A few weeks since I was induced to use your Sarsaparilla by hearing it so highly recommended, having spent nearly $500 without obtaining but little relief. After using it a short time, I found myself better, and now, by using six or eight bottles, costing me less than ten dollars I am well. Yes, I certify and declare to the world that after spending near $500 in travelling and doctoring, and suffering more than can be told, I was perfectly cured by using your invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla; and I now recommend it to all similarly afflicted. Those wishing to learn further particulars will find me at my residence, No. 27 Warren st. New York, where I shall be happy to communicate any thing in relation to the above cure. PAUL BURDOCK.

ITS OWN WORKS PROCLAIM IT.—Let the following speak for itself.

NEW YORK, August 16, 1842.

Messrs SANDS. Gentlemen—Owing to you a debt which money cannot pay, I am induced to make a public acknowledgement of the benefit I have derived from your (to me) invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a terrible scrofulous disease, hereditary in our family, which commenced on my arm, and continuing to spread, soon reached my ears, running into my head, and extended all over my face, neck, arms and lower extremities. I became a disgusting object to look upon. At times my distress was so great that I was unable to sleep or lay down, and the disease extending into my ears, seriously affected my hearing. My face was one continuous sore, from which a discharge of matter and water kept continually oozing out. People avoided me, supposing I had the small pox, or some other infectious disease, and I was consequently obliged to relinquish my business. Notwithstanding I had the best medical advice, and tried different plans of treatment, the disease continued to grow worse, until I gave up in despair. Fortunately for me, I chanced to fall in with a lady on board a railroad car while travelling for my health, who informed me that her son was at one time in as bad a condition as I was, and that by using your Sarsaparilla he was speedily cured. I immediately procured the article and commenced using it, and now, after having used less than six bottles, I am well and able to attend to my business. I send you this statement as an act of justice, only hoping that it may induce the afflicted to make use of the right medicine, and thereby save them such suffering and expense. Those wishing to learn further particulars concerning my case, will find me at 207 Greenwich street, where it will afford me great pleasure to communicate any thing in relation to the above. I am, with gratitude, yours, etc. AMOS DENMAN.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. SAND'S & Co. Druggists and Chemists Granite Buildings, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers street, New York.

Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. THOMPSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets; by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 South Third street, and by F. KLETT & Co. corner of Callowhill and Second streets, and FREDERICK BROWN, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, authorized agents for the proprietors.

Price $1.00 per bottle—six bottles for $5.00.

☞ Be particular to ask for SAND'S SARSAPARILLA, and take none other, as there are various preparations bearing similar names. feb 25 sow 3m

HARDWARE.
MOORE, HEYL & CO.
139 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

KEEP constantly on hand a large assortment of Foreign and Domestic Hardware and Cutlery suitable for country sales, for which they will receive orders or sell cheap for cash or approved credit, and solicit an examination of their stock by purchasers visiting the city.

MARMADUKE MOORE,
THEODORE C. HEYL,
FRANCIS HEYL.

mar 11 sow 6m*

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St.—The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.

nov 16 1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY

GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, No. 98 CHESNUT street above Third, over the office of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Books will be bound at this establishment in any manner that may be desired, from the plainest to the most elegant style viz.

Silk Velvet, Satin or Silk Binding, with Gold, Silver, or Plated Bands, Ornaments and Clasps, and Silver or Gilt Edges. | Calf, Turkey Morocco, and Morocco, Plain or Extra, Sheep, Roan, and Cloth, either full or half binding.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding or rebinding the Books of Public or Private Libraries, Works of Engravings, Periodicals, Albums, Books for Presents and every other variety of Job Work.

Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. jan 14tf